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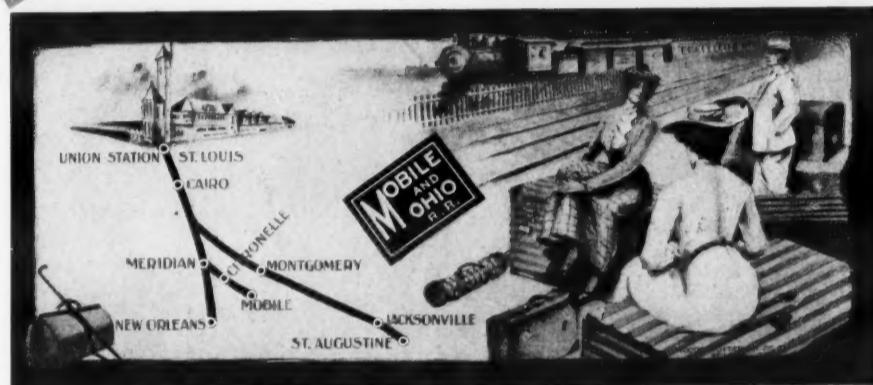
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The Mirror

VOL. XIV—No. 4

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor



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Mr. Folk's Banausic Morality

By William Marion Reedy

MR. JOSEPH W. FOLK is running for Governor on a highly moral plane. A great many people have believed that a highly moral plane should be strictly on the level. Mr. Folk, up to last week, seemed to be recuperating in strength after the severe jolt to his fame in the acquittal of Col. Edward Butler on a charge of bribery. When, after acquittal, Col. Butler's influence showed signs of activity in St. Louis, and thus seemed to lend a color to Mr. Folk's charge that Mr. Hawes is a Butler candidate, there was a sentiment in embryo that threatened to swing country opinion back to Mr. Folk. Col. Butler and his methods were about to come in for a round denunciation, and Folk stock went up a little.

But Mr. Folk himself has corked the incipient second effervescence of his boom.

The proceedings at the primary in St. Louis County have simply out-Butlered Butlerism so-called. The candidate of civic righteousness and his friends have been crying aloud about "Indians" and primary-packing tactics, but their own tactics in St. Louis County at the primaries were marked by a species of trickery from which all the ballot-stuffers and tricksters of the city of St. Louis could learn a great deal.

Whatever a practical politician might do to encompass the defeat of a rival in a contest for a delegation, that might be glossed over on the theory that he only worked according to his lights. The sons of darkness work according to the rules of their kind. But a man standing before the people as a self-admitted incarnation of political purity cannot descend to the tactics of the ward bummer. If Mr. Hawes had put up a job to steal St. Louis County we might, because of the picture that has been drawn of that gentleman, say that he was doing only what was expected of him. But when Mr. Folk permits, in his own behalf, such skullduggery as was the order of the day on his side of the contest in Central Township, St. Louis County, the conclusion is irresistible that, notwithstanding all his professions of ultra decency, he is a "reformer" who will stick at nothing to forward his own ambition to be Governor of Missouri. It is unfortunate for Mr. Folk that this course of conduct in the first skirmish of his battle chimes in with all the charges that have been made to the effect that his pose during his entire reform career has been hypocritical in the extreme. When the public knows what he has done to carry a primary it will be ready to believe that it is true, as has been charged, that he has used the Grand Jury to boost himself, that he has played the press to advertise himself, that he has used indictments, or the threat of indictments, to besmirch men who stood in the way of his ambition. The charge that Mr. Folk has been "four-flushing" in his outcry against the machine and machine tactics is practically proved by the manner in which his friends went slinking about to carry the Central Township primary.

The friends of Folk did not notify the supporters of Hawes where the primary would be held. The selection of the place whereat the primary was to be

held was left to a committeeman who did not announce the place, and went into hiding, so that the Hawes men could not find him to ascertain the place of meeting. On the day of the meeting the Folk committeemen held a triple primary, with no more than three men together at one time, and one meeting was held in a hack that was being driven around the little town of Clayton. There was no primary called to order anywhere. There was no place to which the Hawes supporters could go to cast their votes. The authorized meeting was not held in any hall in town. The Folk men held a meeting of about three men in a hack in one place, and of about three men in a stable in another, while the Hawes supporters in goodly numbers vainly searched the town for the place of meeting that was never officially designated in the call for the primary. The Hawes supporters were forced upon failure to find the proper official to call the meeting, or a place to meet, to call a meeting of their own and choose delegates to the county convention. Theirs was the only meeting publicly held. Their delegates were the only delegates legally chosen, yet after the Hawes meeting had disbanded, the trio of Folk supporters came out of their holes and announced the result of a meeting held no one knew when or where. This Folk trick becomes the more discreditable when viewed in the light of the fact that the voters of the county, the honest farmers, supposed to be afame for Folk, did not rally to the primaries for him. The Folk people made a howl about Indians from St. Louis taken to the county to pack the primary, but the Indians were not in evidence. The Hawes men who held their meeting on the Court House steps were all residents of the township, and there were no Folk men in evidence anywhere. A reform primary in a hack and a stable is a poor showing for the man who stands for purity in politics. The only legal primary in Central Township was the one held by the Hawes men.

In St. Ferdinand Township there was an open primary, but when it came to a count of noses the Folk supporters, finding they were outnumbered, bolted the meeting and held a meeting of their own.

All this is slum politics of the worst sort. It is the nastiest form of strategy. It is unfair and not according to the rules of the game, even in the lowest wards of a great city. There is no fighting in it. It is mean and contemptible, sneaking and skulking. There is no justification in the theory that the Folk people were fighting fire with fire. There were no Indians imported from the city, and at the places where the tricks were played the Folk men were plainly in the minority.

As this article is written the county convention is to be held, and the chairman of the county committee within an hour of the time set for the meeting has not notified the delegates, or, at least, the Hawes delegates, where the meeting is to be held. This is done in the Folk interest by the Folk chairman of the county committee. The rank indecency of the device to keep the Hawes delegates away from the convention is

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apparent at a glance. Nothing as bad was ever done by Ed Butler at a primary in all his thirty years of alleged "nefarious" activity. If Mr. Hawes ever packed a primary, he never did it by refusing to let his opponents know where the meeting was to be held. If Tom Kinney of the Fourth Ward, or "Cuddy Mack," or any of the alleged masters of the art of leaving nothing to chance at a primary, had done such a thing, how the press would howl. The *Globe-Democrat*, the *Republic*, the *Post-Dispatch*, the *Star*, the *Chronicle*—all would join in a chorus against "the boys." But Folk's friends turn the trick, and despicable though it be, there is not a voice raised against it. Folk's name sanctifies the sneak and the steal.

And the proceedings at Tuesday's county convention showed the Folk men packing the gathering, adjourning without motion, bolting before any action was taken and utterly disregarding all pretense of deliberation or ascertainment of the vote of the people. Folkism is synonymous, here, with hoodlumism.

I doubt very much if the people will stand for such reform methods. They might not mind a politician doing the things a politician is supposed to do. They might forgive a layman a great deal of libertinism. But they would revolt against a preacher indulging in open lechery, and they will be revolted by a reform candidate playing the dirtiest tricks known to the lowest "jobber" and grafter. The people will not stand for the dirty work of the "machine" or "the gang" when it is done by Folk, who denounces such methods. They will know from the St. Louis County "job" that Folk, in pursuing such tactics, only means to be a machine man himself. They will know that he is ready to connive at crimes in his own behalf while howling against other criminals. They will ask in what respect the man who does such a thing in the name of reform is better than the people he would send to the penitentiary. And the answer will be that he is no better. A man who will connive at such tricks, will have to pay the men who do them when he gets into office. The men who do such tricks are the men who compose machines, and who, when in power, look out for boodle. Mr. Folk is as bad as any of the men he has denounced. He is worse because he is a hypocrite. And the people have no use for a hypocrite above all other creatures. When the voters compare Folk with Hawes and Reed, we may be sure that he will rank at best a good third in the estimation of character. Joey is, as I have said, "devilish sly," but the people are "onto" him, and they will not have him.

On a par with the St. Louis County trick is a revelation, after an inspection of the delegations filed for the primary in this city, that a large percentage of the signers to the petitions supporting the Folk delegations is Republican. The Democrats are not putting up Folk delegations. A great many of the men named for Folk delegates are Republicans, while many more of them are supporters of the third party ticket put in the field to beat the Democrats in this city in 1901. The putting up of candidates for delegates to a Democratic Convention who are either Republicans or third party men who have done all in their power to defeat the Democracy is about as much of an outrage as it is an absurdity. It is an insult to the party which Mr. Folk desires to lead. But what will the Democrats in the country districts think of a man who aspires to be the party candidate for Governor, but cannot find enough Democrats supporting him to fill out his delegations in the wards of his own city? If he should fail to carry the wards, how can he enter a contest when the men put up to represent him were not Democrats? To be supported in a primary by Republicans is not a recommendation of any man to a Democratic convention. If Mr. Folk can't get a

full complement of men to stand for him as delegates in his own town, how can he hope to carry his town as a Democrat? If the Democrats of St. Louis will not support Folk, why should country Democrats try to nominate him? If his strength is altogether outside his party, why should the party have anything to do with him? If a man claiming to be a Democrat is supported for honors in that party by Republicans and outsiders who hate the Democratic party, are not the Democrats tried and true justified in suspecting that their enemies want to force him upon the party to weaken it?

Mr. Folk's candidacy grows weaker because of his own weakness, his evasions, his trickeries. His howl against Butler and Hawes is nullified by his imitation of their alleged tactics. His popularity, exclusively among haters of Democracy, damages him. His machine methods are more despicable than others because of the sanctimoniousness with which he smears them. He doesn't compare for a moment with his rival, Mr. Hawes, for openness, cleverness, straightforwardness. All Mr. Folk's virtue is pretense. He is unscrupulous for his own ends. His support is discreditable and of devious devices. He preaches virtue and he is ready to profit by any or all political vices. He doesn't object to the support of political convicts or men suspected of boodle, even while he makes mouthy war on boodle and upon election crooks. He will tolerate anything that helps him, and he is most against those evil elements the friendship of which cannot help him any.

Mr. Folk begins to look like a fake reformer. Every record that leaps to light discredits him. We have seen how he used the Grand Jury and the papers to bluff men he thought were in his way, out of his path; how he has threatened with indictment other men who might thereby be scared into supporting him, *a la* Tony Stuever; how he has besmirched men with semi-official suspicion to keep himself before the public as a man not afraid of the powers that be; how he will play any trick in politics, no matter how unworthy, to gain an advantage.

Mr. Folk's reform is only a club to force himself into political prominence and power. We have heard rumors recently that he has been gagging at the prospect of living up to his own professions. He has been dallying, we are told, with the saloon element. It was said some time ago that he prevented the indictment of an excise official because he thought that

official might help him with the saloon vote. There is a rumor even now, that his assistant in the Circuit Attorney's office, Mr. Walter Scott Hancock, threatens to resign his place because of constant interference by Mr. Folk in the assistant's effort to enforce the dramshop regulations. The church members want Mr. Folk to close up saloons. His assistant is willing to try to do so. Mr. Folk jollied the blue-law people along with his sympathy in their fight and then he stops Mr. Hancock in the latter's attempt to close the saloons. This is a pretty trick. Mr. Hancock is allowed to go so far and no further against the saloons, as a sop to the good people. Mr. Folk steps in at the proper moment and stops Mr. Hancock's work, and this action goes out to the saloon powers as proof that they haven't anything to fear from him. This is "playing both ends against the middle" with a vengeance. It is practical politics that puts Butler or Hawes, at their imagined worst, to the blush. It is a form of shifting and skullduggery absolutely without parallel in the ranks of the "slickest" manipulator who ever fooled the people.

As the campaign of Mr. Folk nears a crisis the evidence accumulates that he is not what he would have the people believe him to be, that he is not sincere in his professions, that he cannot resist the temptation to do the things that he has himself denounced, that his conscience is flabby when it conflicts with his interest, that his goodness is a pretense, and his rectitude a sham. Mr. Folk's much exploited morality in politics is banal. It is not vitalized by conscientious conviction. It is a card to play until some un-moral move is certain to prove a higher trump or to take a better trick. Mr. Folk has fooled all the people some of the time. Probably he will continue to fool some of the people all the time. But the St. Louis County primary shows him and his supporters in their true colors, as being nothing more than politicians masquerading behind God-and-morality, but ready to do anything that the godless do, and do it a little more rawly in order to gain their ends.

The people won't have that sort of thing. They don't believe that the end justifies the means. They don't trust a reform movement that depends for its success on scurvy political tricks. They don't want a reformer who is as conscienceless, when put to his mettle, as the vilest machine man who ever stuffed a box or slugged a judge or ate a ballot or doctored a count.

Our Presidential Possibility

By William Marion Reedy

ATREMENDOUS effort is being made to make Cleveland the logical nominee of the Democracy for President. But the effort is too apparent and apparently too insincere. There's too much Tammany about it. Tammany loves Cleveland just about as the devil loves Holy Water. The power that Cleveland has is not with the rank and file, either East or West. The West will not have him after specifically turning him down before the whole world in 1896. Mr. Bryan's following in the West is still strong enough to defeat Mr. Cleveland if he should be nominated, and the warmest admirers of Mr. Cleveland do not want him to be put up for slaughter. The Cleveland campaign in New York is only a stupendous bluff.

New York politicians have put Cleveland forward just about as the Missouri statesmen have put Mr. Cockrell forward. They want to hold the delegation in line to prevent any such accident as occurred at

Chicago in 1896. They want the delegation tied up so that no man can come in surreptitiously and steal it away. They want to go into the convention tied to someone, and then trust to trading for the outcome.

This will be pretty generally the rule in the convention. The State bosses will all have favorite sons. Even Texas will come booming up with Bailey. Illinois will probably have Carter Harrison. Maryland will have Gorman. Rhode Island may come instructed for Garvin. The men who manage things will have all these pawns with which to play for a time in order meanwhile to feel out the temper of the convention prior to arranging an adjustment of interests.

Mr. Bryan will be a force in the convention. No one knows how much of a force he will be; but he will be sufficiently big to warrant the opposition tying up delegations solely to prevent his getting them. Mr. Bryan may be the candidate of one or two States, but

whether he is or not he will be listened to, and he will thunder daily in the *Commoner* against departing from him and his principles.

The bosses are all declaring Bryan is "out of it" and a "dead one," and all that sort of thing; but they fear him. They are ready to consult with him if he wants a consultation. They shrink from the prospect of action that will humiliate him as the convention which he controlled humiliated Cleveland. They don't want to pile one throw-down upon another.

Then there's Hearst—little Willie Hearst. It is astonishing what a flutter he has caused among the politicians by his campaign for himself in his own newspapers. The sound and fury of it have frightened people in such rock-ribbed Democratic States as Missouri. Mr. Hearst and Mr. Bryan are supposed to have hitched up together, but if they have it can't be a hitch that will last for any length of time. Hearst isn't anything that Bryan is. He is a "greater American," favors expansion until kingdom come. He is in favor of a big navy and a big army. He is no more of a silver man than Cleveland is. He has that sympathy with the masses which we may expect the million dollars to have with thirty cents. He is a sybarite where Bryan is an ascetic. He is likest to Bryan in his taste for the theatrical in life; but he likes "a leg show," while Bryan prefers the deeply tragic or the maudlin melodrama. Hearst has used Bryan and has paid him for the use. Bryan's articles gave Hearst's paper a vogue. They serve now to bolster up Mr. Hearst's pretensions to the Presidency.

Hearst's candidacy is a joke, where Hearst is best known—in California. James H. Barry's San Francisco *Star*, a tip-top paper and one inclined to radical Democracy, says that Hearst is a false alarm, that he isn't a thinker, that he doesn't write the articles that appear in his paper over his own name, that he never made a ten-minute speech in his life, that he has never paid any attention to affairs, that, finally, his character is such, in the matter of devotion to the ladies of the chorus, that the White House would have to be fumigated after his presence. This last charge may be an exaggeration. It would only be material to the issue, anyhow, in the event of his having a chance for the nomination. Certainly Mr. Hearst has never done anything that gives the public confidence in him. His newspapers have done some things—and most of these things would hardly constitute an argument for the election of their proprietor to the Presidency.

The Hearst boom, instead of looking serious to me, looks silly. His "work" among the "labor" men has been coarse and raw. The enthusiasm for him is manufactured. It is plainly paid for. The men prominent in promoting him are the professional "labor" men. No leader of the unions upon whom the unions look with respect has been identified with the Hearst boom. Those "leaders" who are doing his shrieking give every indication of doing it at "so much per." The real workingmen, I mean the men who work, are not fooled by the Hearst "hollering." They know the men who are on the staff of "Willie." They don't see men like John Mitchell, or like Sargent was, or like Powderly, or any man remotely suspected of level-headedness, engaged in the Hearst monkey-business. Most of the "labor papers" are for Hearst; but if any people ever read the "labor papers," they are not laboring people.

Because of this sort of a candidacy upon Mr. Hearst's part, and because of Mr. Bryan's supposed sympathy with it, Mr. Bryan is losing in dignity. Mr. Bryan looks like nothing but a part of Mr. Hearst's show. Probably Mr. Bryan figures that the Hearst demonstration may be useful to him as against the combination of the bosses against himself, but in this he is mistaken. The Hearst shrieking is inef-

fective. He has been shrieking so long and loudly that it's his natural tone, and it means nothing to the masses. The Hearst bloviating only hurts Mr. Bryan. It can't hurt Hearst. It's a new sort of fun for a young millionaire, and it does, in a way, advertise his publications. It uses Mr. Bryan as a sort of "sandwich man" for the Hearst yellow journals.

If anything will weaken Mr. Bryan and put him hopelessly and helplessly in the vocative when the National Democratic Convention gathers in St. Louis next July, it will be the Hearst ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay.

New York has something up its sleeve. Just what it is, doesn't appear. It's not Parker, because Parker is a Hill man and a frost. It's not McClellan, because McClellan is too new and too light for the Presidency. New York may incline to Gorman because Gorman is not hampered with principles and he is a spoilsman. But the simon pure Democracy the country over will have none of Gorman because of his former betrayal of the party upon the tariff.

It seems to me that the Democratic convention will come down to a general sifting of available men in a

caucus of leaders. When it does it will be well to recollect that the convention will be held in the city of St. Louis and that a certain Missouri Democrat of demonstrated ability and much attractiveness will be much in evidence as the head of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. The Exposition itself will speak for that gentleman. It will be found that he is personally known and fairly well known to every prominent man in the convention, to the leaders in every State delegation. He has done business with them all. He has talked to them all, and he is a man who talks in a way that wins friends. If it is possible in the opinion of some that Cleveland could be elected, why couldn't the man who was Cleveland's Secretary of the Interior in the silver crisis be elected just as well? If Mr. Cleveland should have anything to say about the choice of a candidate, is it not reasonable to suppose that he would say something for the man who stood up to the rack when other followers flinched? If the West would stand for an Eastern gold-bug, it might be ready to take up a Western man that the Eastern interests would support. If the party can't go as far South as Gorman or nominate an ex-Confederate like Cockrell, what happier compromise than one upon a Missourian born in Kentucky? There is no doubt about this man's ability, not only a talking ability, but an ability to do things. There is no doubt that the business interests would be safe in his hands, and then there is no doubt that the West, feeling him to be of it, would have confidence in him. He is not a new man. He wouldn't have to be advertised like a new article. His prominence in politics is unquestioned. His distinction in business is admitted everywhere. He is known personally to the people in many parts of the country. He wouldn't have to get acquainted. He's "away up in the paint cards" in business, in politics, in a social way, and he has the energy of Theodore Roosevelt without the latter's impetuosity. He's the only man in the country who is a strenuous "tie" with the President, and he is exceedingly catholic in his activities and interests. If he were nominated he wouldn't have to "swing around the circle." He could stay right here at the Exposition and all the people coming to the Exposition would see him,—and what an added attraction he would be to the show as a Presidential candidate. And as for money for a campaign to elect him—could he get the money? Well, I guess yes. Look how he got it from the government for the Exposition. If money would be put up to furnish campaign funds for any man, it would be put up for this St. Louis man. He could be made acceptable to every power in the party except Bryan and Hearst. And if the Western sentiment upon the money question has changed as much as most people think it has, the chances are that Mr. Bryan could not hold out the West against this man. Popularly speaking, this man would take well. He's a pleasing man in appearance and manner. He has done big things that filled the people's ears and eyes. He has stood before kings and emperors and he has handled the Senate and House of Representatives, and done it without any party organization at his back or any party lash to keep the recalcitrants in line. He is a hustler, and that without being "fussy." He is not "erratic." He is politic and cautious without being demagogic. He has a family that marks him "right all right" on the "race suicide" issue. He has a fortune, but not one big enough to be dangerous or to enable him to quit work.

There's nothing to urge against this man except one thing—that he didn't go with the tide in 1896. But if that be an insuperable bar to his nomination, what folly to talk of the nomination this year of Grover Cleveland. He knows politics, having been

A Song of Spring

By Ernest McGaffey

ON the breeze that blows from south-land
Comes a misty breath uplifting
Over valley, slope and lane,
That is promise of the rain;
And the streams that rise and follow
Other days and memories bring.
It is Fate—I doubt no longer—
I shall see another Spring.

On the hills and in the hollows
Is the signal of the grass;
High above in snowy whiteness
Scattered clouds serenely pass;
In the woods the sleeping waters
Under drowsy shadows lie,
O'er the pastures, piercing shrilly,
Comes a startled killdee's cry.

On the branches of the willows
Furry buds begin to show;
Through the trunks of leafless poplars
Drowsy sap is stealing slow;
Soon, ah! soon will come the Herald;
I shall hear the blue-bird sing,
I will touch the hand of April,
I will hear the voice of Spring.

Far beyond the empty meadows
Where the low horizon waits,
Is a vision of the dawning
And the opening of the gates,
Where the yellow crocus cowers
Dim be-spangled by the dew,
Where the leaves are rustling softly,
And my waking dream comes true.

By the hint of changing seasons
And a languorous silence sweet,
By a violet's azure question
Where the hedge and highway meet;
By the life that leaps within me
As a bird upon the wing,
I have felt the soul of April,
I have seen the face of Spring.

—From *New Orleans Harlequin*.

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Mayor of a great city, St. Louis, Governor of a great State, Missouri, Secretary of the Interior. He can handle men in masses and enterprises of national import—as witness the Exposition. He is not a novice at anything, and if he were elected President he would not even be a stranger to the rulers of Europe. The only charge I have ever heard made against this man is that he is selfish. Well, it is made by people, mostly, who wanted something for themselves that he couldn't give them.

It seems to me highly probable that the Democratic Convention at St. Louis next July will get into a snarl and that it will have to be disentangled by the wise men of the various delegations. It seems to me that the time and place and circumstances are likely to be such that there will be no one looming so highly available in the mind and eye of all the leaders as the man who will be conspicuous as the head and

front of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. That enterprise itself will have an influence in his behalf upon the gathering that will be almost irresistible. The very fact that the Missouri delegation will appear in the convention for another Missouri man will inevitably turn the minds of many delegates to this Missourian. If one Missourian be unavailable only because of his Confederate record or maybe because of his years, what more natural than in looking for a candidate that would appeal to North and South, East and West, than another Missourian who has "come up" since the war and represents conspicuously the intensest sort of modern Americanism.

I think David R. Francis of St. Louis, Missouri, is a decidedly impressive possibility in the Democratic Presidential situation, and I think this without prejudice against Senator Cockrell, the avowed candidate of the Missouri delegation.

tain spurious and mercantile ring to the enthusiasm displayed by the more ardent advocates of *l'Art Nouveau*. American buyers do not take kindly to the labored furniture shapes of the new art, with their unfamiliar involutions and crooks and stays that have no element of increased utility over their predecessors, and less of beauty.

But a moral value attaches to this renewing interest in interior decoration. It is fixing the attention of the individual upon the home and begetting in him the desire to make his home fair. An ill thing liveth not at ease in a fair house; or if it there live, good things will strive to dwell with it, says (in substance) Shakespeare, the immortal. By reason of this art awakening, then, we in America bid fair to become a nation of home lovers, and not, as has been said of us, a race of boarding house and hotel itinerants; indeed, the closer the subject of art effort in the home is scanned, the more it is seen to subdivide into important ethical forces.

To trace these, however, were to wander into the abstract, and, to the individual, interior decoration is nothing if not concrete. It is inseparable from the dwelling, and takes its rise from the flat walls, and floors and ceilings, thereafter including every useful and necessary household thing. In modern decorative art the merely ornamental has barely a foothold. "Fancy" furnishings, it is agreed, are seldom truly decorative, and nothing is beautiful which is incongruous, superfluous, or unrelated to the other articles of furniture. Millet defined the beautiful as "the suitable," and William Morris continually enjoined his disciples to "have nothing in your home that you do not know to be useful, or believe to be beautiful." Goethe, whose patriotism was of a kind to rejoice the heart of the present Emperor of the Vaterland, was the peculiar enemy of antique or foreign furnishings, and deplored the dressing of modern houses in what he termed an un-modern style, as another might deplore the use of opium, for the dreams it called up. He regarded it, apparently, as a means adopted by moderns to enable them to live under influences quite different from those of their own day. In his loyal eyes, the frugal luxuries of his native land, her stiff gardens, and heavily fitted drawing rooms far outranked in value to the human race the glory and glitter of Eastern dome and minaret.

Living more or less under the influence of our surroundings, will ye, nill we, even of the inanimate things, and effected most appreciably by color, the oppressed nerves of the American finds a certain relief in characterful surroundings. If, architecturally, his habitation be sumptuous, yet of the same contour as many another, he is likely to differentiate the rooms at his disposal by the introduction of novel furnishings, the development of characteristic interiors representative of another period or country. To lounge in a Turkish or Persian or East Indian room, with its subdued or artificial lights, its alluring deeps of soft piled rugs, and luxurious upholstery, in moods is unadulterated delight. In such surroundings no need exists for the eating of the lotus flower. One passes by an easily gliding fancy into the gardens and temples of Omar's land; to where dreams of Lalla Rookh revive; or wanders in the wake of the prince of Asia, following through all the fascinating ways of his pilgrimage. No injurious dream is this to lull to sybaritic idleness.

To step aside from the hurly-burly of city streets into a chamber where our eyes meet walls panelled in delicate damasks, and subtly outlined with the light gilded garlands, or roccoco frames; where massive structures of Watteau fabrics rise, or, if we drop our gaze again, rest it upon furniture of exquisite woods, constructed with incomparable lightness and strength

Art Revival in American Homes

By Ada Sterling

TO the average person, it is said, all the wonders of architecture, all the interest in it, narrows down and is comprised in his own domicile, whether this be a palace or a cottage; a small apartment, a narrow flat, or a single room; to him St. Peter's itself dwindles to the proportions of a steel engraving or a photogravure, apprehended chiefly as its ornaments his own walls. This, it would seem, is a wise provision of Providence to restrict the restlessness of envy or dissatisfaction which would be sure to endanger the peace of man were he obliged to reckon the dimensions and attractions of his home by comparison with another more pretentious, for the home of the average is usually a small and inconsiderable affair. Three-fifths of the throng that nightly hurries away from the business districts in the metropolis find their destinations in flats, duplicates in almost every detail of other flats. Their stock doors and moldings have been turned out by machine by the thousands, and vary not a peg nor a curve from thousands of others now in process of being turned out. Rented apartments and homes generally, in the city, are only to be compared with the ready made clothing wherewith their tenants are clothed, differing only as such garments are made to differ, by the peculiarities of their wearers. Our ready made age, one from which we are emerging but slowly, stamps itself in nothing more contemptibly than in the domiciles in which we elect to live. From the doors, in which a given panel form perpetually repeats itself, and the windows and door handles in the apartments we call our own (for a varying length of time) down to the gew-gaw "decorations" that are meant to adorn the common doorway which all who live in a given apartment house must use, the path for years has been one long concession to the mechanic who can turn out the most showy goods in the cheapest and quickest and most exact manner.

That the revolt against this condition is in progress is evinced by the many small industries that have arisen in the past decade; by the increasing number of individual craftsmen who will add to the factory-made door or window frame or to a given piece of furniture a bit of hand carving here, a piece of pewter, or a mosaic there, and so transform a conventional suite that each piece shall have the value of an unique production. Shops for the display of exclusive materials are multiplying and the principal department stores that cater to the masses, devote large spaces to suites

of rooms set apart to demonstrate the resources of their especial corps of decorators; so that the prophecy seems about to be approximated if not fulfilled, which was made by a writer in the *Studio* two or more years ago, that the twentieth century would see the development of a new science—that of the housewright, by whose art we shall make beauty for our homes and gardens.

While this optimism may scarcely be shared by the thoughtful, yet numberless indications appear to the eyes of the observer, that householders, and particularly the women of American households, are informing themselves along the lines of interior decoration, with an earnestness and zest that promise well for the ultimate beauty of the home. A kind of Wagnerian influence is at work, and it is already recognized that a primal color scheme is the *leit-motif* from which the harmonies of the house or suite derive. One sees fewer and fewer homes, among the masses, that have been devised by assembling rooms and furniture of motley character in a close association. Color phrases recur in adjoining rooms in furniture, in draperies, from the entrance hall to the uppermost floor, with an admirable definition and determination, which proved the enlarging wisdom of local decorations, and the acquisitive mind of the American housekeeper.

Probably the best feature of the impetus felt today in interior decoration is the fresh, modern note to be seen in the manufactures of the time. The output of all crafts finds its consummation in the home. Tributary to it is the work of weavers, potters, joiners, carvers, gilders, metal workers, etc., and, however lovely or lavish its belongings, wherever a home is set up, it immediately becomes the patron of these heretofore unthought-of producers. A craft recognized is sure to put out new branches, hence the present growing interest and competition in furniture designing, the revival of hand weaving in a half-dozen localities of the Union at once, and the diversity and real art value of many textiles for wall use that now abound.

In France the renaissance of interior decoration which has been a favorite theme for the magazines for ten years, has culminated in a revolt against existing furniture forms, and in a strenuous seeking after new ones, which their advocates have spared no pains to make popular. An examination of their industrial progeny, however, leads one swiftly to detect a cer-

—this is to pose, some cynics tell us, in the artificial (if alluring) atmosphere of the splendid days of the Bourbons. Yet, if it make us forget the lack of ceremony in the world we have just left, if it make us pose even though temporarily, as courtiers and ladies, mindful of all the graces of speech and manner that should mark the well bred, something at least remains besides the mere posing of the moment. Such rooms, indeed, affect one with an exhilaration like that aroused by the sudden coming into view of a Cabanatuan canvas, or the rich pageantry of Meyerbeer, gorgeous though it be and often tragic, or like the sensuous richness of scenes from certain of Gounod's operas. They charm, they fascinate, and leave behind them only a yearning for a repetition of the rich beauty we have looked upon.

So a rich room, unattainable though it may be to

the majority, stimulates the fancy of the home decorator of even small means, to an analysis of its color, its arrangement, and educates him or her to that self-confidence which presently shall lead him to assemble his own household goods more tastefully than heretofore, and to a study of forms and fabrics and colors which have more than a passing value and attraction. The cheaply put together "den" which almost every housekeeper effected but a few years ago, with all its reiteration of Bagdad and Oriental prints, has vanished from the American interior; but the common taste and sense of color has been materially advanced by our earlier contact with those "den" furnishings. Familiarity with them has begun the work of teaching the housekeeper the value, to a degree, at least, of well-thought-out homes, and the hygiene and ethics of color.

extensively circulating among theological students in the seminaries.

Loisy's exegetic criticism specially concerns itself with the Fourth Gospel. Prolonged philological studies have convinced him that St. John was not, and could not have been, the author of this Gospel. To the lay critic it would seem as though the French scholar had contracted the objectionable habit of going more by the letter than the spirit. Even such a destructive Biblical authority as Professor Harnack, of Berlin, does not hesitate to admit that there is good reason to believe in the authenticity of at least some parts of the Gospel of St. John. The eminent German critic is inclined to place particular value upon the eschatological portions and the singularly beautiful and impressive words which Christ utters in the presence of His disciples on the eve of the agonies and terrors of the night-wrapt garden of Gethsemane.

Whether the judgment of the Index Congregation will suffice to silence the Abbé remains to be seen. On a previous occasion, he made the significant remarks that "on ne tue pas les idées à coups de bâton" (ideas cannot be killed with a club). Owing to the peculiar, embarrassing position in which the Catholic Church finds itself in France at the present time, and its severely strained relations with the bigotedly radical Combes government, it may also be questioned whether the Vatican cares to go to extremes in its adoption of methods to squelch a critic who is as popular as he is determined and armed with the two-edged sword of a searching though not invincible logic.



The Critical Movement in France and the Index

By Francis A. House

THE Damocles sword of orthodox theology has at last dropped upon the erudite head of the Abbé Loisy, the famous Catholic exegetist of France. His brilliantly written critical works have been placed upon the *Index Liborum Prohibitorum*, and Pope Pius X. has confirmed the condemnatory judgment. This was, of course, to be expected, considering some of the radical views advanced by the zealous and fearless Abbé. The Church of Rome could not put its official stamp of approval upon works the character and aim of which commended themselves, in no uncertain fashion, to several of the most notable and aggressive exponents of what is popularly known as "the higher criticism."

The Abbé Loisy is a many-sided scholar, of keen intellect, comprehensive knowledge and a penetrative insight into matters connected with his branch of scientific inquiry. It was in 1896 that he first attracted the attention of Biblical scholars. In that year he published his "History of the Old Testament Canons." This noteworthy book was soon followed by another, entitled, "Critical History of the Text of the Old Testament and Its Modes of Interpretation." The Abbé was then a member of the faculty of the Catholic Institute in Paris. His writing incited no end of bitter, vitriolic criticism in orthodox circles. The Abbé's superiors, deeply affrighted at his hardihood and combative independence of opinion, advised him to retract and to cease from writing books whose advanced radicalism could not but give offense at Rome and lend encouragement to the enemies of the church. The Abbé, however, knew naught of fear, neither did he court the favor of anybody. He continued his studies and writings, regardless alike of the storms of angry protestations and of laudatory comment.

His most recent works, "*l'Evangile et l'Eglise*" and "*Autour d'un petit Livre*," seem to have most attracted the particular and implacable displeasure of the Vatican authorities. These two books have fairly startled laity and clergy alike. Eight Archbishops and Bishops of France promptly forbade their circulation and reading among the faithful, to whom the priestly critic was held up as a dangerous heretic. This naturally increased popular interest in the author's writings and teachings still more. His dismissal from the faculty of the Catholic Institute and assignment to inferior pedagogic positions utterly failed of their desired effect upon France's theological *enfant terrible*. The Abbé

continued to write and explain, to attack and defend. He was and remained irrepressible.

The Abbé Loisy gives forth evolutionary theories in regard to the position and duties of the Church. He believes, like Cardinal Newman (*vide* "Development of Doctrine") and a few other conspicuous representatives of his Church, that Catholic dogma is in a state of uninterrupted growth and should never fail to adapt itself to changing time, thought and conditions; that a fanatically tenacious clinging to ancient ideas and ideals will necessarily invite danger and decay.

As to the person and mission of Christ, the Abbé Loisy holds opinions which do not deviate materially from the *credo* of Rome. He acknowledges the Savior's divinity, but stoutly maintains, in the same path of the pen, that Christ, in His preaching, never dwelled upon His divine relationship to God. At no time, we are asked to believe, did Christ lose consciousness of His purely Messiah mission. At the same time, the Abbé affirms that the doctrine of the Trinity and of the Incarnation grew out of the philosophic theories of the Greek Platonist school and are not, for this very reason, conformable to present-day thought and feeling.

It cannot be denied that the French critic lays more stress upon the human than the divine nature of the Nazarene. He considers Christ pre-eminently a Man among men, and in no wise different from them except in His freedom from sin and mysterious relationship to God. One particularly striking declaration on the part of the Abbé is that in which he maintains that Christ was not omniscient while on earth. The solemn doctrine of the Atonement, we are advised, originated entirely in the rabbinical theology of St. Paul, and does not constitute an integral part of Christian faith. Strange to say, this latter opinion has been unequivocally endorsed, *in toto*, by Mgr. Mignot, Archbishop of Albi.

That the teachings of this Gallic critic have fallen on fertile soil in his native land cannot be doubted. In clerical ranks there are many who boldly approve of and avow their conversion to them. One of the leading religious periodicals, the *Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne*, published by the well-known Abbé Denis, practically champions the cause of Loisy. It has also become known, through the writings of M. Maignon and Mgr. Turinaz, that the Loisy books are

■ Happy Prosperous Texas

WHILE the average man is reading fake extras about the war and discussing issues and affairs of which he is supremely ignorant, and, in his heart of hearts, cares less than a continental about, prospective land-buyers are rushing into the Lone Star State in numbers, and with a display of enthusiasm reminiscent of the days of the original settlers' stampede into Oklahoma. All the railroads running into and through the State are offering cheap colonist rates and doing a rushing business right along. The St. Louis & San Francisco, the Cotton Belt, the Missouri, Kansas & Texas, the Missouri Pacific, all are bending every effort that managerial business acumen and foresight can devise towards building up and developing the almost infinite resources of the Empire State of the Southwest. From the cities and farms alike of the Northern States they are coming, thousands strong. The oil boom has apparently been forgotten in the search for fertile lands and prosperous homes. Beaumont and Sour Lake figure but inconspicuously in this inrushing of land buyers. Texas is now undergoing a much more reasonable and substantial and lasting boom than that fostered by wolfish gamblers and dishonest promoters of oil lands. The farmer's plow will do vastly more for Texas than did or will the oil prospector's drill. It is in the cotton, rice and sugar plantations that the real economic wealth and welfare of the State must be found. The enterprising railroad companies aforementioned are among the most successful and welcome advance agents of prosperity that Texas ever had. They are upbuilding an agricultural and commercial empire which to the far-seeing, patriotic American should be worth more than a whole world of Utopias in China or Korea. What is now going on in the Southwest, that is, in Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas and the Indian Territory, is of infinitely more interest and value to the people of the United States than would be anything likely to happen in the Orient.

Omar Antedated

By Elizabeth Waddell Martin

ONE of the most truly humorous books of the last half year—one for which the Doubleday-PAGE COMPANY is deeply responsible—is "The Quatrains of Abu'l-Ala," translated by Mr. Ameen F. Rihani. I speak advisedly in commanding the humor of the publication, while deprecating the taste of the publishers. It has that most delicious humor which is unconscious; and the mistake of the publishers was in not classifying it among books intended to provoke risibility in their readers. As it is, its only good feature, i. e., its humor, is destined to blush unseen upon the shelves of a few dry-as-dust antiquarians and quasi-admirers of Omar Khayyam, who have not even penetration enough to see that the old Tentmaker can never have the ghost of a rival in his own line.

In this minor Arabian poet, so obscure as not to be mentioned in any but the most minute accounts of Arabic literature, Mr. Rihani claims to have found the forerunner of Omar, and the fountain from which he drew his inspiration.

As to the authenticity of the book as a translation, let Arabic scholars determine—though the task is by no means worth their while. The question was at first raised whether or not the Rubaiyat—Fitzgerald's version—were a disguised original; but even before savants had settled it, men lost sight of it, as a matter of little moment by the side of the magnetic quality of the work itself. Once having tasted the Omarian wine, few took time from their potations to inquire about the vintage. After the skim-milk and cider of Abu'l-Ala, no one cares to take the trouble to do so.

To be sure, a translation seldom does justice to its original, so we must not too much berate old Abu'l-Ala!—Marri. But Mr. Ameen F. Rihani—well, if he could have done any better by writing at first hand, one wishes he had done it. Certes, he couldn't have done much worse!

Personally, I am inclined to think it a bona fide translation, since it contains a few gleams of intelligence of which Mr. Rihani would seem not to be capable.

In copious notes the translator ingenuously points out where his author has said things which coincide with the sayings of various world-known bards. It does not appear whether he aims by this to show how "great minds run in the same direction," or whether he wishes to prove that Omar, Shakespeare, Milton and Tennyson borrowed from his author!

He speaks of Night as an "Ethiop Queen," and mentions that Milton used the same figure. In place of Omar's red rose springing from the life-blood of a Caesar, and Shakespeare's fancy of using the Imperial Clay to stop a hole in the wall, "Abu'l-Ala" has a Sultan serving as a coffee pot! The conceit of the English poet could not be borrowed from the Persian. That of the Arabian (?) has every appearance of having been appropriated; though why one should appropriate, merely to cheapen and coarsen, that which every schoolboy recognizes as borrowed, is hard to explain.

Anyway, one feels like this about it:—if Omar has plagiarized Abu'l-Ala, let us henceforth have plagiarisms only—no more originals!

There is one phase of the "rediscovered" quatrains which at first strikes one as being original so far as

Omar is concerned. It is the Arab poet's repudiation of parenthood.

*"I wish to stand, like Adam, at one end
Of this long line which I shall not extend."*

*"This pleasure, born of pain and misery,
No human soul inherit shall from me."*

But in the second edition of Fitzgerald's Omar—omitted in all his others—we find this *Ruba'iya*,

*"Better, oh better cancel from the scroll
Of Universe one luckless Human Soul,
Than drop by drop enlarge the Flood that flows
Hoarser with Anguish while the Ages roll."*

The Englished Omar of Mr. Whinfield has been characterized as "intelligibly banal," in contradistinction to the transmuted and flame-tipped figurativeness of the Fitzgerald rendering, with its Eastern obviousness, its exquisite Orphism. Mr. Rihani has been content with "intelligible banalities." If his author's original Arabic has any special beauty of Oriental imagery, it has all been lopped away, and that with no very sharp edge-tool.

A translator of poetry has need to be a little of a poet on his own account. This Mr. Rihani is not. If he were, he would not be constrained to rhyme "moan," "dawn" and "gone" in one and the same stanza. If he were, he would use better English, knowing that solecisms as poetic license are permitted only to those bards who have attained to unassailable reputation. Therefore, when he says,

*"Behold, the night
Again recharges with his starry host,
While all the fiery suns in ambush lay,"*

*"How long, she says, will I this burden bear—
How long this tattered garment will I wear?"* or

*"I laugh, and lo, my shafts of scorn doth leap
On Adam's sons,"*

why, we know that he simply struggles with the rules of prosody. It is never that he doesn't know better;—though as to that, he would doubtless rather be a poet any day than a grammarian. Who wouldn't?

Mr. Ameen F. Rihani writes like an extremely young person. His infidelity—for he makes that of Abu'l-Ala so aggressive that one recognizes it as a personal matter with him—is of the Ingersollian type. He often quotes Mr. Ingersoll almost verbatim, as where he says

*"I cried for Water, and the deep, dark Well
Echoed my wailing cry, but not my hope."
 "The world's my tent,
The Human Race my Tribe until I die."*

and

"This life-span will between two shores e'er swing."

Now, as everyone knows, the agnosticism of Robert G. Ingersoll was of the most boyish illogical sort imaginable. And then, anyone not painfully young should not enlarge, as Mr. Rihani does, upon the Whence, the Why and the Wherefore, the Isness of the Was, the Could-not-be-ness of the Wasn't, and the Might-have-been-ity of the Never Will Be.

The few passably good lines—there is not a single good quatrain—can be discovered for himself by any discerning person who will submit to being bored by

the context; and, as before hinted, there is an indemnifying vein of humor running through it all, to one skilled in spying out inadvertent humor.

There is something subtly rib-tickling in the ensuing:

*"Withal, my shoes and clothes do heavily weigh
On me, and Freedom has no right of way;
I care not for them when I think I have
To don and doff them every night and day."*

Here's the right reverend stuff for a poet—too lazy to put his clothes on!

In another place he insists that his months are dull and vapid as his lay; but this is putting it rather strongly.

Otherwhere the bard, or his interpreter for him, perpetrates a little intentional waggery, as when he bids us

*"Felicitate the kindred of the dead;
Theirs is the legacy and his the grace."*

Of the Omarian philosophy—that well-known blend of Stoicism and Epicureanism, transformed by the Magic of the East into something rich and strange, the thought of Abu'l-Ala seems but a pale and watery reflection.

The new book might possibly commend itself to some good people because of its temperance principles—though the best of principles can never atone for such a quantity of bad poetry. Abu'l-Ala, according to his own confession, has sought, but failed to find consolation in the cup that inebriates. Still, those of us who hold to the most radical views on temperance, can but admit that one would better renounce the faith of his fathers for the sake of something he esteems a good, than for the sake of nothing at all.

There is no need to hunt excuses for old Khayyam. His infidelity arrayed itself against Mohammedanism pure and simple; and the Koran alone is enough to drive a man to drink. His daring blasphemies—which Mr. Rihani is too timid to emulate—coupled with his apotheosis of the Vine, make him somewhat undesirable juvenile reading; but then he is scarcely intended as a juvenile classic. The quatrains of Abu'l-Ala, as set forth by Mr. Rihani, are perfectly innocuous to the rising generation. Whatever may be reprehensible in their philosophy, is too unattractively presented to make a single proselyte.



From the Hills of Dream

By Fiona McLeod

THE IMMORTALS.

I SAW the Weaver of Dreams, an immortal shape of star-eyed Silence; and the Weaver of Death, a lovely Dusk with a heart of hidden flame; and each wove with the shuttles of Beauty and Wonder and Mystery.

I knew not which was the more fair; for Death seemed to me as Love, and in the eyes of the Weaver of Dreams I saw Joy. Oh, come, come to me, Weaver of Dreams! Come, come upon me, O Lovely Dusk, thou that hast the heart of hidden flame!



THE REED PLAYER.

I saw one put a hollow reed to his lips. It was a forlorn, sweet air that he played, an ancient forgotten strain learned of a shepherding woman upon the hills. The Song of Songs it was he played: and the beating of hearts was heard, and I heard sighs, and a voice like a distant bird-song rose and fell.

The Mirror

"Play me a song of Death," I said. Then he who had the hollow reed at his lips smiled, and he played again the Song of Songs.

THE TWO ETERNITIES.

Time never was, Time is not. Thus I heard the grasses whisper, the green lips of the wind that chants the blind obvious rune of Time, far in that island-sanctuary that I shall not see again.

Time never was, Time is not. O Time that was! O Time that is!

THE ENCHANTED BOOK.

I read often in this book. It is to me as the sea is, or the wind; for like that unseen and homeless creature, which in the beginning God breathed between the lips of Heat and Cold, it is full of unbidden meanings and has sighs and laughter; and, like the sea, it has limits and shallows, but holds the stars, and has depths where light is dim and only the still, breathless soul listens; and has a sudden voice that is old as day and night, and is fed with dews and rains, and is salt and bitter."

dred needs at least another year's schooling—by that time your position will be assured and you can marry her to an English title. It's nonsense for him to say he won't come East; if you refuse to go back to Waterford he's got to come, and if he doesn't—my dear, how many married couples in our set live under the same roof? It's poverty that keeps Tom and me together; if we had your means he'd be shooting or fishing and I'd be abroad, so don't worry over Billy's threats. Do you like the new groom I sent you?"

Mrs. Billy, in a pale blue negligee with loose sleeves falling back from her shapely arms sighed. "Mildred says he gives himself airs and criticises her riding. Now you know, Fanny, she's ridden since she was a baby, anything, everything from a mule to a thoroughbred, and she won't canter decorously through the Park with an English groom at her heels."

"But she must, my dear Gertrude; girls here have no wishes of their own. You know what is best for her; she's not seventeen."

"You and I were married then."

Mrs. Lord surveyed her own faded features in a mirror. "If we'd waited, would we have chosen as we did?"

"Don't, Fan! Billy was my first love, my last, and he's the best husband in the world."

"Yes, but he stays in Waterford, and Tom is always under my feet."

Gertrude Carstairs smiled. "You don't know how I long for Billy at times—when this doesn't seem worth while. Of course, I'm grateful for all you've done for me, Fanny, but I can't help knowing it has spoiled me for Waterford, and Billy has such faith in me!"

"Why shouldn't he have? You're a woman that can be trusted."

"I hope so." There was a pause, and then: "Mr. Ernest is bringing Lord Colestoke to dine to-night, and I've asked the Powerses; in fact, Mrs. Powers suggested the dinner."

"She would like to capture him for Ethel, but I doubt if she'll succeed."

"Is he such a catch?"

"If Mildred were older, he'd be a possible son-in-law; he's the fifth of his line, Baron Colestoke, of Colestoke Abbey, and awfully well connected."

"Young?"

"About thirty, I should think, a big, blonde Englishman. I met him last night at the Ferrars'. Why weren't you there?"

"Milly had a headache and wanted me to sit with her."

"You pamper her too much."

"She's my ewe lamb."

"But you can't play nurse."

"No, but I can give up something once in a while for her sake."

Mrs. Lord rose. "Going on to the Taylors' after?"

"Yes. Will my green velvet do, or had I better wear a new dress?"

"The velvet is good enough for the Taylors; there'll be such a jam no one will see your skirt, and as for the bodice—"

"There isn't enough of it to be easily recognizable."

Mrs. Lord laughed. "It would be a pity to hide a neck and shoulders like yours." Then she kissed her friend and went out.

Gertrude Carstairs sat before the fire and dreamed. If Billy were in earnest and forced her to return to Waterford, how could she stand it? Here the novelty of life was unceasing, there it dragged along one level; here she was a beauty, a coming social power, she had her court; there she was Billy Carstairs' wife, and the mother of a great heiress. If young men came to the house it was to see Mildred; if she gave a dance, it was Mildred and her young friends who enjoyed

The Price She Paid

By Louise Winter

WHEN William Carstairs estimated his fortune in seven figures, Mrs. Billy—as she was familiarly called, found the little Western town in which she was born and bred too small for her. She had been a leader there for years; she was the best gowned woman, she gave the most elaborate dinners, she drove behind the fastest horses and she owned the first auto-car.

Then, one morning, she announced that she had decided to winter in New York, and give Mildred—her pretty sixteen-year-old daughter—the advantages of a year at a fashionable finishing school before bringing her out. This plan met with Billy Carstairs' approval, as did any act of his wife's, and for reply he pulled out his cheque book.

"How much will you need to fit you and the kid out?" he demanded. He was a small, spare man, with a shock of red hair, shrewd in business dealings, but with the kindest heart in the world.

Mrs. Billy threw both arms about his neck. "You old goose! Do you suppose I'd buy clothes here to wear in New York? Fanny Lord says one can't do better in Paris, so kindly give me a big balance at the bank."

Fanny Lord was a former resident of Waterford, who had gone East after her marriage and who had established herself in the inner circle. To her Mrs. Billy now wrote, asking for needful information.

Mrs. Lord replied by return post, "Won't you and Mildred make us a visit first? Then I can help you find suitable quarters for the winter."

Mrs. Lord's husband had suffered in the latest financial crash, and here was an opportunity for commissions.

"If I remember correctly, Gertie was a very pretty girl, with style—for Waterford—and unless she's grown too fat to be remedied by massage, she should be a success, and with all that money—Tom, have you any idea how much Billy Carstairs is worth?"

Tom Lord looked up from the stock market report. "Anywhere from ten to twenty millions," he answered.

Mrs. Lord beamed. "How we shall enjoy spending it!" she sighed.

Mrs. Billy came East with Mildred, and Mrs. Lord looked them over critically.

"Pretty, but Western—and that's not a great fault," was her verdict.

To do Mrs. Billy justice she had no idea of the social campaign mapped out for her, but after a school was selected for Mildred she gave a willing ear to her friend's suggestions. She decided upon a house, as she never could feel at home in a hotel, and she was led gradually from one thing to another till, before she knew it, she was launched into the social vortex.

In Waterford she, like other matrons, was on the shelf; men paid no pretty compliment nor sought her out at dances. She had never rebelled against such treatment, it was the same as accorded to others; but her first appearance at a dinner dance was a revelation. She knew she was looking well, though she was afraid her gown was cut rather low, and her jewels were magnificent.

"I need such a lot of things, Billy," she wrote home; "especially diamonds. Fanny says no woman in her set has less than fifty thousand dollars' worth."

"Get five hundred thousand dollars' worth and outshine them all, little woman," answered the indulgent Billy, and his wife tried to follow his advice.

Her dinner partner, a man of the world, blasé, but with an eye to the present, found her naive and exerted himself to be entertaining, but it was at the dance that followed that she achieved triumph. Her card was filled, though she protested it was so long since she danced that she was sure she had forgotten how. In spite of her protests she was whirled away in the arms of her first partner, and being a slender, graceful woman, active and agile, she had no difficulty in keeping step. Compliments which she half resented, and innuendoes which she half understood, fell about her like rain, but after her second glass of champagne she forgot her thirty-five years, her growing daughter, her husband in Waterford. She was a girl again, enjoying her first ball; she laughed and chatted and hurried through supper to get back to the ball-room like any debutante.

This was the beginning, and Mrs. Lord nodded and looked wise. She had no fears now that Gertrude would fall short of success, and she encouraged her subtly to make the most of her opportunities.

Mrs. Billy sent copies of the Sunday papers to Waterford, containing descriptions of the house she had rented, of her costumes, her jewels, glowing encomiums on her beauty, columns about her dinners and details of the masked ball she was to give before Lent.

Billy wrote: "I thought it was to prepare for Milly's coming out; it reads as if it were yours. Now don't let your head be turned, and don't for one instant imagine I shall ever give up my interests here and settle in the East like Tom Lord. I don't begrudge you the money, nor the good times, but remember it's for Milly, and after you've had your summer in Europe you'll both come back to Waterford."

Mrs. Billy read and her heart sank. She had had three months of New York, and the fever was in her blood. She had lost sight of her original motive—though in the beginning it had been genuine enough—and it was less of her daughter than of herself she had been thinking.

Fanny Lord counseled her. "Tell Billy that Mil-

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the evening; and if she was asked out on the floor, it was only as a courtesy to the hostess. Here Mildred was in the background, and she was triumphant; there conditions were reversed. As she came to this conclusion she shuddered. Was it possible that she was jealous of her own daughter? Oh, no, it couldn't be; she was truly desirous of doing her best for the girl, and she tried to soothe herself with sophistry. But when it was time to dress she rang for her maid and took extra pains with her toilet.

"You look lovely in that gown, mumsey. I wish dad could see you now; he'd be proud of you," Mildred cried, as Mrs. Carstairs stopped in her daughter's boudoir on her way to the drawing-room.

"Don't try to make your poor old mother vain, darling; next year, when you come out, no one will look at me."

"That's natural. You've had your turn; mine is coming."

Mrs. Billy's features contracted. "I'm not quite on the shelf, my dear," she said, irritably.

"Women never are in New York, mumsey; Agnes Sands' grandmother has a dozen lovers now."

"Mildred!"

"Platonic, of course. How could they be anything else? Old Mrs. Ferrars is sixty."

"It isn't youth always that counts; it's charm, and Mrs. Ferrars is a very attractive woman. Did you have a nice dinner?"

"Yes, but it's poky dining with Miss Brown. At Waterford no matter who dined with us I was always allowed to come to table."

"Waterford isn't New York!" Mrs. Carstairs spoke sharply. Waterford was getting on her nerves.

But she greeted Otho Ernest and the tall, blond man he introduced as Lord Colestoke with her most affable air, and the Powerses arriving shortly, dinner was announced.

The party was too small for anything but general conversation. Ethel Powers was brilliant, her mother epigrammatic and Otho Ernest was a noted diner-out. Mrs. Billy listened and said little, but that little was to the point, and Lord Colestoke's pale, heavy eyes rested on her approvingly. Her coloring was so fresh that it made her seem years younger than she really was, and the green velvet gown was most becoming. With it she wore a collar of pearls and diamonds and one of the new, jeweled crowns on her fluffy light hair.

In a week Ethel Powers was saying spitefully that "a girl had no show nowadays; the hyphenated women attached all the eligible men," and then she would smile significantly as Mrs. Billy passed with Colestoke in tow.

It was Mrs. Billy's first affair, and she was too ignorant to take account of appearances. Colestoke rode with her in the morning; sometimes he lunched with her, Mildred playing a glowering third; sometimes they dined at the same house, and they saw each other every evening. He made no secret of his infatuation, but she, shielded till now by the chivalry of her native West, did not realize it was more than an intensely interesting friendship.

Fanny Lord watched, but understood the situation. "As long as Gertrude remains unconscious, Colestoke's devotion can't hurt her; it gives her a cachet as it were. People will talk, but a woman always pays a price for her experience, and if things come to the worst she can put him forward as a suitor for Mildred."

But this idyllic state could not last, and the night of her masquerade the veil was torn from Mrs. Billy's blissful eyes.

The dance was a huge success; men and women in

Oriental costumes—following the suggestion in the invitation—flitted through the picture gallery, the conservatory, glided over the polished ball-room floor or sought sequestered corners for that interchange of pleasantry that marks the modern love-making.

Mrs. Billy, as an Odalisque, a dark wig completing her disguise, moved about like a happy child. An Indian Maharajah followed her closely, and after their third dance, led her unresisting to a Turkish corner under the stairs.

"How long will you keep this up?" he demanded, in his natural voice.

Gertrude Carstairs' hand shook as she fanned herself rapidly. "Until twelve; then everyone is to unmask," she returned, wilfully misunderstanding him.

But he was not to be put off; he caught her roughly by the arm. "Take off that thing! Let me see your eyes, your lips! God, how you torture me!"

Like all women who have tyrannized over one man, Mrs. Billy appreciated the mastery of his tone. Submissively she unfastened the ribbon holding her mask in place, and let it drop in her lap.

"You mustn't say such things; you—you frighten me," she murmured.

Colestoke removed his own mask, and they stared into each other's eyes; then the blood mounted swiftly to her cheeks.

"Oh, I didn't know, I didn't know!" she cried, suddenly.

"Didn't know that I loved you, that I'm mad for you, that I can't stand this state of things any longer?" Each tone of his voice was a caress, and she thrilled to it.

"What shall I do? I am so sorry!"

"Why, sweetheart? Sorry I love you? Don't say that! Surely you know we can't go on in this way. I want more than your friendship, I want your love."

Mrs. Billy listened and shivered. Had it come to this, that she could calmly hear another man than her husband demand her love? Did she love Colestoke? Had she transferred her affection from Billy, loyal and honest, to this trifler in the world? She was silent so long that Colestoke grew alarmed.

Perhaps he had gone too fast and had startled her. His passion was genuine; she was unlike any woman who had come into his life previously, and had she been free he would have urged his suit in all honor. But she was one of those American women temporarily separated from her husband—a hyphenated woman, as Ethel Powers termed them—prey for any man; trusted to take care of themselves by their natural protectors—secretly proud of their boasted ability to circumvent danger, and yet too often falling victims to their own blind credulity. Colestoke summed up the case and rendered his own decision. She would respond when sufficient pressure was brought to bear, and her very ignorance of a world which she had entered late in life would precipitate the end.

With trembling fingers she readjusted her mask. "I think we are all a bit mad to-night. To-morrow Lent begins and I will have much to repent of, in sackcloth and ashes," she said, finally, rising and moving toward the ball-room.

Colestoke murmured some platitude about angels who needed no repentance, but the seed was sown and he trusted to time and a more fitting opportunity to foster it.

The next few days Mrs. Billy walked about as if in a dream.

Colestoke had gone to Aiken with the Powerses, but he had written her a short, passionate note that sent the blood pulsating through her veins and blurred her mental vision. Of late her letters to Billy had been mere notes; but he was a wise man and he did not reproach her—he only made his letters more ten-

der. Mildred wrote fully. "You wouldn't know mamma. She's a regular society woman, and when she isn't out she has people here—very swell people. One man who comes a lot is an English lord. I don't like him, but as he doesn't come to see me it don't matter. New York is a funny place, dad. I'd hate to live here; home's best, and I wish you'd send for us. I'm learning a lot of useless things at school; I never go out without my governess, and I'm in bed every night at nine o'clock. No parties for me, no beaux; it's awfully stupid, and I hear Europe is worse; but if you were only going with us it wouldn't be so bad." And then, "Mamma isn't well; she fainted yesterday. She told me not to write to you, but I think you ought to know; perhaps she's homesick, too, and won't give in because she thinks this is benefiting me, but it isn't, dad, really. I'll never make a society girl; I don't take to it as mamma does. I'm more like you; I want the plains and the freedom of the West. Why don't you give us a surprise and drop in some night about dinner time; then you could see for yourself."

Billy Carstairs read and digested. Then he made preparations to start for the East. "I think I'll take a trip across before I come back; I haven't had a vacation in twenty years, and a man needs a change once in a while," he said, giving his manager some last instructions.

Meanwhile Mrs. Billy was fighting her battle and presaging defeat. As the time drew near for Colestoke's return, she experienced both dread and delight. She longed for him so that her days were full of pain, and yet she had no desire to wrong the good man whose name she bore.

"I can't run away with you; I can't wound him and disgrace my daughter's name; if you really cared you wouldn't ask it of me," she answered in reply to one of his most fervent epistles. But he did not ask that of her, he had no wish for a scandal and he hinted subtly that things could be arranged without publicity. Mrs. Billy puzzled over the hint, and went about like a shadow.

The day of his return he 'phoned up to ask if she would be at home at five. Anxious to have it out with him she assented, and at five he came.

She received him in her den, looking very fair and very fragile in a clinging, rose crepe gown.

When the door closed behind the departing servant, Colestoke stood staring at her a moment, and then she was in his arms. His kisses fell on her hair, her cheeks and finally their lips met, and all the while she shook and trembled in his embrace.

"Let me go; it's not fair of you to take advantage of me," she whispered.

"I've hungered for you, so don't deny me now," he pleaded humbly. When he released her she sank into a chair.

"I thought I was strong," she confessed, with a slightly humorous smile; "and I fall at the first attack of the enemy."

"Do you count me an enemy?"

"Yes, and I should hate you for what you have made of me."

"And you don't?"

She hesitated. "I can't!" she burst out; "I've tried, and I can't, I can't!"

"Dearest," his voice was full of tenderness; "why should you? Is our love not the outcome of a natural condition of affairs? We were thrown together, and we drifted into this without thought. Now that the mischief is done, we must make the best of it. They say the American husband is complaisant, so he will not make it too hard for you—then you will have your freedom, and we shall be happy."

"Do you really think for a moment happiness could

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be built on a structure of lies, of deceit, a desecrated home, a young faith crushed, a man's honor soiled? Could you trust me, knowing how easily you had won me from him, could I respect you with the knowledge of the trick we had played upon the world constantly before me? I may consent because at this moment I love you better than husband, child, position, everything that women hold dear, but don't think I delude myself. We may know a month or two of rapture, but we shall never know happiness." She had regained her self-control by this time, and Colestoke looked at her in wonderment. This was a new phase, and he almost worshipped her for it.

"If you feel that way, I should be a beast to urge you," he began, but she stopped him with a gesture.

"Don't cast me off now; if you do, I think I shall die," she said.

He was at her feet, both hands in his, his face eager, alight with a nobler passion than had yet dominated him. "Cast you off, dear heart," he answered, reproachfully; "as long as I live will this hour remain with me. If I loved you before, I reverence you now; if I helped drag you down, I will assist you to rise; if my love was a curse, it shall be a blessing. Mine you are, but I shall rest content with that knowledge, and we will be brave, you and I, dear heart." Then he laid his head on her knee, and there was silence between them.

"Pray God some day we may think we have chosen wisely, but just now I cannot bear any more," she said, at length, her eyes dim with the anguish of sacrifice.

He raised his head, and she touched his brow lightly with her cold lips. Then he struggled to his feet and stood staring down at her, loth to go, loth to give her up entirely, and yet reverencing the noble dignity of her confession.

The door opened suddenly and Mildred bounded in. She gave Colestoke a withering glance.

"He's coming, mamma! dad's coming! Aren't you glad?" she cried, waving a bit of yellow paper in the air.

Gertrude Carstairs' brain whirled.

"How often have I told you never to enter a room without knocking?" she demanded, harshly.

Mildred tossed her head; she was a spoiled child, and she was old for her years. "In Waterford there was no reason why I should knock," she retorted, impudently; then, bestowing one more contemptuous glance on the Englishman, she tossed the telegram in her mother's lap and ran out of the room.

Mrs. Billy unfolded it with trembling fingers. "Will arrive in New York Wednesday.—DAD." she read. "Will arrive in New York Wednesday," she repeated. "Why, that's to-morrow. Archie, he's coming to-morrow." She rose and laid one hand on Colestoke's arm.

He turned to her gently. "Are you still strong enough for the sacrifice?" he demanded.

She shook her head. "I could have been had I had a few months of preparation, but now—" She broke off and shuddered.

"Then trust yourself to me, dear heart; believe me, it is best so."

Terrified at the prospect of facing the man she had wronged, Gertrude finally gave in and consented to leave for Canada on the morning train, where Colestoke was to join her in a few days.

All night she made her preparations, and a dozen times she repented and gave up the idea of running away with Colestoke.

She stole softly into Mildred's room. The girl was sleeping, a smile on her lips; and, as her mother bent over her, she stirred and held out her arms. "Daddy, daddy," she murmured.

Mrs. Billy turned away. It was always daddy with Mildred. From babyhood she had clung to her father; well, she should have him to herself now, and they two should comfort each other when she was gone.

It was very early when she left the house and stepped into the electric cab on her way to the Grand Central Depot, and she looked worn out and haggard from her sleepless night.

She followed the porter to the state-room reserved for her, and started back as she saw Colestoke.

His face was very grave. "That's all, porter; leave the bag here." He held out his hand for it; then he turned to Gertrude. "I feared you had not heard," he said, in a low tone. "There has been an accident on the Southwestern Limited."

Gertrude leaned against the door and stared at him, with wide, horror-stricken eyes. "And Billy?" she gasped.

"Let me take you home, dearest; there is no need for you to go now."

From *Town Topics*.

The "Smart Set" in England

By Sydney Brooks

In words broke bones, the "Smart Set" at this moment would be the smarting set. Happily (or unhappily) they don't, and the "Comus rout of Circles, sybarites, cynics, and financiers" is as self-possessed and unruffled as ever. The "men with the manners of an organ-grinder and the morals of his monkey," the women who "affect the conduct of Lais without her graces," and all the other familiar ornaments of the "Smart Set," remain, to all appearances, unaffected by the tremendous indictment just launched against them. The author of that indictment is a lady who signs herself "Rita," and for the sum of one shilling you may purchase her "Sin and Scandal of the Smart Set" at any bookseller's. I do not know who "Rita" may be, but I seem to connect her with one or two novels that appeared in the "Pseudonym" series a few years ago—those awful years when one took it for granted that every woman old enough to hold a pen was secretly decanting her heart-throbs in some treasonable publication. I have read "Rita's" jeremiad with a consoling thankfulness that in this matter, at any rate, I belong to the right sex. It is a passionate work, so much so that the ordinary rules of punctuation have had to be expanded beyond the utmost Carlylean limits to encompass it. It is also most satisfactorily outspoken and comprehensive; there is a blush to every page, and sometimes two or three. But it is quite obvious that we men are treated throughout as aiders and abettors rather than as actual criminals. It is the "smart" woman on whose shoulders "Rita's" lash falls heaviest, and if the shoulders happen to support an American neck and head there is an added venom in its swish. And, undoubtedly, as "Rita" makes her out, the "smart" woman is a very terrible person. Her one desire, it seems, is to create a sensation, to be seen and heard on every occasion, to have her name figuring at every social function. Exclusion for her spells extinction. She entertains so that she may be entertained. Domesticity is a word expunged from her vocabulary. "An evening at home, or by a sick-bed, or perchance by reason of family bereavement, are things abhorrent to her." She "goes in" for everything, for sport, gambling, racing, motoring, dressing, dancing, scandalizing. She does whatever men do in order to keep "polly" with them. Even in the club no man is safe from her. "She rings him up to know 'a good thing' on the Stock Exchange the best 'vet' for her toy dog, the last extension of a settling day for her debts of honor or liability, or to ask him to 'do' a restaurant and a theater at short notice, because she cannot stand an evening alone in her own house." She has her own engagements, her own latch-key, her own brand of liqueurs and cigarettes, her own "pals" and lovers, and her own special vice. "Whatever feminine grace or charm is left her she hides under

the guise of 'slang' and coarseness and risky speeches." She never wears the same gown twice. Home is a word without meaning to her. "She has a flat or a house in town, a 'place' in the Shires, a villa or a 'suite' at some Riviera haunt, and what time she is not at one or the other of these places, she is staying with various other 'smart' folk at a country house, or on a yacht, or a houseboat." Of all things she loathes nature, "because nature inflicts penalties and obligations upon woman that even 'smartness' cannot evade." But she does what she can to evade them by drugs, pick-me-ups, and "nips." She has hosts of acquaintances and "pals," but no friend. "An utter absence of loyalty or *camaraderie* marks all her intimacies. To arouse envy, to outwit a rival, to steal the lover of the woman she calls 'dearest,' these are things she never scorns to do." She is absolutely indifferent to "art, culture, decency, or repose—to anything, in short, that is not moneyed and money-making." She has even invented a new language, and "Rita" supplies us with a portion of its vocabulary:

Twe-est (Dearest). *Deevie* (Delightful).

My twee (My dear). *Teagie* (Teagown).

Diskie (Disgusting). *Undies* (?).

Fittums (Fits). *Cossies* (?).

Scary (Frighten). *Pals* (Friends).

Nightie (A robe de nuit). *Expie* (Expensive).

Man-man (A royal person). *Run dry* (Hard up).

Where "Rita" shrinks from translating *Undies* and *Cossies*, a mere man, anxious to get at the truth of things, is obviously very awkwardly placed. Perhaps they mean—but no, not that; impossible. On the whole, I give it up, and plunge once more into this breathless Philippic. . . . Letter-writing, I read, has become a lost art to the men and women of society. When an occasional *cause celebre* brings forth anything in the shape of a real love-letter, "it reveals likewise the errors of a boor or the frank familiarity of a courtesan." The home has become merely a halting-place for perpetual birds of passage. The "Smart Set" will accept any invitation "which allows of perfect freedom to mind, morals and manners." The "smart" woman, I gather, owes every one right and left, gambles as a matter of course, drinks almost certainly, and is probably a *morphineuse*. She marries for money or position, or anything but love; she hobnobs with every wealthy vulgarian she can possibly get access to; and her amusements are those of the servants' hall. And who is responsible? "Rita" knows and she does not hesitate to tell us. It is mainly the fault of the Americans. "What of the 'smart' women," she asks, "from Transatlantic shores, who have brought their slang, their free and easy manners, their vulgar modes of eating and drinking and speaking, into halls made sacred by a long race of

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noble ancestors? Much of the loss of dignity and delicacy for which modern society is now famous may be traced to the influence of the 'smart' American woman. Charm she has and 'go' and unlimited audacity. But she has also an inherent boastfulness, a 'brainy' effervescence that is apt to get on one's nerves, and she certainly is the antithesis of courtesy and good breeding. But some of the effete, languid, semi-vicious scions of aristocracy found that this type of womanhood was infinitely more amusing than the type to which they were accustomed. She saved them so much trouble; not only could she do all her own talking, but theirs as well. Not only was she capable of amusing herself, she could, and *did*, amuse them also. Beyond and above all this, she was generally rich; very rich; and they were correspondingly weighted by debts and difficulties. So the question of exchange, a question hampered by no foolish romance, or pretence of affection, was asked and answered. It solved one difficulty. It has created another. Restrained by no feelings of delicacy, all her ambition centered only on 'getting there,' she has got there—and can never again be got anywhere else. She began by 'smartening up' society. She has ended by vulgarizing it. She has hosts of imitators instead of critics. She has floored all opposition in her own breezy determined manner, and she has grafted her own insolent airy graces upon the once-famed 'manners' of the great lady. Dignity, repose, and culture are not things that appeal to this alien 'smart' woman. She has bought her title. That is enough for her. 'Dip into the coffer and ask no questions,' is her motto. Above all things, be 'smart,' be pushing, and use every one, even the most vulgar of moneyed plutocrats, for your own advantage."

There's a picture for you. I hope it will please America, because there is more to come. "The amusements of the 'smart' world," says "Rita," "are on a par with its other eccentricities, and for the providing of many of these we have again to thank our 'smart' American sister. She it was who introduced 'notions' which were too idiotic for the nursery, but eagerly welcomed by the drawing-room. Who set society prancing and fooling over the ecstatic delights of a gymkana contest, in which women were blindfold and driven in ribbon-harness by men over a lawn outlined with—champagne bottles! Exquisite is the fun, ecstatic the excitement of contestor and spectator! Beautifully gowned women trotting in and out of a maze of bottles, in pairs, guided only by a ribbon rein held by some youthful dandy as a coaching expert! To the American 'smart' woman society owes other exciting cranks. Her 'hen luncheons,' her surprise parties, her *appendicitis* dinners, her bathing-dress picnics, her floral teas, her 'color' suppers, and her novelties in cotillion figures have been largely imitated. She has an inventive brain, and a mania for organization. She has shown us how charity can be made a playground for riotous display, and social functions turned into a wild orgie, or an undignified romp. To fancy dress a charity, to flaunt a bazar, to self-advertise a hospital, these are the things we have learnt from our transatlantic neighbors. With them advertisement is an absolute craze, the first law of *their* nature; and wisely and well have they engrafted it on their 'smart' sisterhood. They sent the 'Washington Post' capering through our ballrooms, and when we got tired of that, they introduced to us the supremely delectable cake-walk!"

How much truth is there in all this? Just as much, I imagine, as can be expected from any one who tries to look at a continent through a microscope. There has been a "Smart Set" in all capitals of all countries at all ages, and "Rita's" pretence that there is anything

exceptionally new about the frivolities of the "Smart Set" in London is wholly without a base in history, reason, or even common experience. Things are pretty much as they always have been, and there is scarcely an insanity of to-day that one could not parallel from the past—and a past, too, antedating the American invasion of the eighties. Perhaps the "Smart Set" is more "paragraphed," and therefore slightly more public than it used to be; perhaps it pays its debts by a more indiscriminate hospitality than was common thirty years ago. But fundamentally it is just the same as ever, and just as really insignificant. A few American women have joined it and have led it, as they lead everything else—by virtue of cleverness, ingenuity, liveliness. Given a set where amusement is the thing most sought after, and you may be sure that an American will be more fertile in devising ways and means than her English sister; if "riskyness" is required, her audacities will take on a bolder and freer sweep; if the pace is naturally fast she will increase it by the mere intrusion of her thorough-going

personality. She cannot help herself. Her natural capacities drive her inevitably to the front, and if she prefers to join the "Smart Set" nothing can stop her from being a little "smarter" than her English friends. But she did not invent the "Smart Set," all that she has done, or, rather, all that the very few Americans who have chosen to join it have done, is to make it more inventive, more amusing, more daringly grotesque. Without her the "Smart Set" would have been just as foolish, but considerably more humdrum, and lacking that dash of piquancy which Americans cannot help throwing even into their wildest pleasures. That seems to me to be about the truth of the matter. One need scarcely add that society is a very different thing from the "Smart Set," that there are ten American women in the former for every one who has flung herself into the latter, and that "Rita's" picture ludicrously overdrawn and exaggerated in any case, fantastically misrepresents the life of social London as a whole.

From Harper's Weekly.

The Dark Angel

By Lionel Johnson

DARK Angel, with thine aching lust
To rid the world of penitence:
Malicious Angel, who still dost
My soul such subtle violence!

Because of thee, no thought, no thing,
Abides for me undesecrate:
Dark Angel, ever on the wing,
Who never reachest me too late!

When music sounds, then changest thou
Its silvery to a sultry fire:
Nor will thine envious heart allow
Delight untortured by desire.

Through thee, the gracious Muses turn
To Furies, O mine Enemy!
And all the things of beauty burn
With flames of evil ecstasy.

Because of thee, the land of dreams
Becomes a gathering place of fears:
Until tormented slumber seems
One vehemence of useless tears.

When sunlight glows upon the flowers,
Or ripples down the dancing sea:
Thou, with thy troop of passionate powers,
Beleaguerest, bewilderest, me.

Within the breath of autumn woods,
Within the winter silences:
Thy venomous spirit stirs and broods,
O Master of impieties!

The ardour of red flame is thine,
And thine the steely soul of ice:
Thou poisonest the fair design
Of nature, with unfair device.

Apples of ashes, golden bright;
Waters of bitterness, how sweet!
O banquet of a foul delight,
Prepared by thee, dark Paraclete!

Thou art the whisper in the gloom,
The hinting tone, the haunting laugh:
Thou art the adorner of my tomb,
The minstrel of mine epitaph.

I fight thee, in the Holy Name!
Yet, what thou dost, is what God Saith:
Tempter! should I escape thy flame,
Thou wilt have helped my soul from Death:

The second Death, that never dies,
That cannot die, when time is dead:
Live Death, wherein the lost soul cries,
Eternally uncomforted.

Dark Angel, with thine aching lust!
Of two defeats, of two despairs:
Less dread, a change to drifting dust,
Than thine eternity of cares.

Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not so,
Dark Angel! triumph over me:
Lonely, unto the Lone I go;
Divine, to the Divinity.

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Japan's Contribution

To Civilization

THE extraordinary aggressiveness, pluck, and astuteness displayed by the Japanese in the opening of their war with Russia, can have astonished only those who are not familiar with their history. Unlike the Chinese, who despise militarism, the Japanese have always been what Will Adams, the first Englishman who ever lived among them, found them to be, early in the seventeenth century: "Courteous above measure and valiant in warre." They have always looked on fighting as a pleasure as well as a duty, and so highly was the life militant esteemed that up to half a century ago soldier and gentleman were convertible terms, and the peasantry were not considered sufficiently elevated to participate in war. Professor Chamberlain of the University of Tokio calls attention to the minutiae into which the Government has gone to foster the military spirit and raise the army to the highest point of perfection. Even books of war-songs have been officially composed and included in the course of instruction, and the professor expresses his admiration of the manner in which the military drill imposed on all Government schools has been responded to by the scholars. "Even little mites of boys," he adds, "bear the flag stoutly, march miles in the blazing sun, and altogether carry themselves so as to show that an enemy attempting to land on these shores must count, not only with every able-bodied man, but with every child throughout the empire."

Only half a century has elapsed since Commodore Perry opened Japan to the world, after its several centuries of absolute seclusion. In that half-a-hundred years, says a writer in the *New York Evening Post*, the Japanese can justly claim that they have made as much advance in the arts of war and peace alike as Europe made in half a thousand years. To them our scientific achievements were as much of a fairy-land as their exquisite art and Orientalism were to us. But nothing interested them more than our meth-

ods of warfare. They essayed these in the Satsuma rebellion of 1877, and proved that they had mastered them by their brilliant exploits during the war with China in 1895. Professor Chamberlain wrote, seven years ago, that "the army to a man, and indeed the whole ambitious section of the navy, now pant to measure their strength against some nobler—some European—foe, and doubt not for a single instant that, be it Russia, be it England, or who fate wills, the result shall be to the advantage of their own passionately loved country and Emperor." The opportunity has arrived.

Apart from their inherited pluck and warlike spirit, the greatest military advantage Japan has over most, if not all, other nations is the genuine patriotism just referred to. After teaching in Japan for some years Mr. Lafcadio Hearn wrote: "Ask a class of Japanese students—young students of fourteen to sixteen—to tell their dearest wishes; and if they have confidence in the questioner, perhaps nine out of ten will answer: 'To die for his Majesty, our Emperor.' And the wish soars from the heart pure as any wish for martyrdom ever born." A Hobson evidently would not attract much attention in Japan; nor is there much room in its army for mere seekers after adventure, honors, or pensions. To have such an army means half battles won before the fighting.

But while the Japanese can teach us sincere patriotism and other virtues necessary in war time, there are also important lessons to be learned from the qualities displayed by them in times of peace. One of the redeeming features of the present deplorable, but perhaps inevitable war is that it will induce thousands of Americans to study the manners and customs of this interesting nation, and to realize that there are phases of civilization in which it might serve as our exemplar. The average American is still too apt to look on the Japanese as half-civilized Asiatics, but it is well to bear in mind that, as Capt. Brinkley puts it, the

progenitors of these people wore silks and had reached a high degree of refinement in their general mode of life at a time when our own European ancestors dressed in untanned skins and fed upon acorns. One result of this antiquity of their civilization is that it has become a matter of inheritance; the children are born refined; they come into the world, as Miss Bacon has remarked, "with little of the savagery and barbarian bad manners that distinguish children in this country."

What makes Japan particularly valuable as an exemplar for us is that the virtues in which it specially excels are precisely those we most lack and need. Among our most unpleasant traits are the worship and display of wealth, the lack of general courtesy, the insensibility to the charms of art, the feverish absorption in needless work, and the consequent inability to enjoy elegant leisure. A Japanese does not consider himself better than others because he is richer; or, if he does, he is too polite to show it in his conduct. There is no servant question in Japan, because the mistress never tries to make the maid feel as if she were an inferior being. Courtesy pervades all classes, and one never meets with that offensive rudeness by which some in this country fancy they prove their independence and equality. The love of art also pervades all classes in Japan; the amusements of the laboring classes are aesthetic and idealistic enough to please a MacDowell, while those of the corresponding classes in America are too often hopelessly vulgar. And while quite as strenuous in work and war as we are, they also see the necessity of systematic recreation, and do not make the mistake, as we do, of postponing all social and theatrical pleasures to a late hour in the evening, when nearly everybody is too tired to enjoy anything but sleep. The Japanese, in short, have never regarded the machinery of society as more important than the individual; they have avoided the almost universal war of classes by making daily intercourse gracious by courtesy for all. The result has been that the chivalric patriotism of the Samurai exists in every peasant and shop-keeper, while their highly elaborate social order permits a genuine simplicity of life which Western nations seek for in vain.

The Mirror

MUSIC

FRENCH OPERA AT MUSIC HALL.

After two years of abstinence St. Louis is now being given an opportunity to feast on grand opera. A company of singers with an adequate orchestra and terpsichorean complement stole quietly into town on Sunday and opened a season of opera in French at Music Hall, Halevy's "La Juive" being the first work presented, followed by "Carmen," "Les Huguenots" and "Trovatore."

"The Jewess" was selected for the opening, probably because the role of *Eleazar* is the *tour de force* of the robust tenor, and *Rachel la Juive*, is a scarcely less dramatically and vocally effective soprano role. There is also a superb part—*Cardinal Brogni*—for a basso profundo, and, in addition, grateful minor roles.

Gauthier, who glories in this strenuous tenor role, heads the list of principals in this company. His voice has lost none of its brilliancy, and his astonishing high C stood out clear and sharp above orchestra and chorus in the famous finale of the first act. This tenor never seems to know vocal fatigue, and fairly revels in feats of almost superhuman endurance, there being, apparently, no penalty attached to his vocal prodigality, as no evidence of effort obtrudes in his work.

Mme. Guichan, the dramatic soprano, is a worthy companion to the veteran tenor. She is a splendidly equipped singer, with a superb, ringing voice, and gives evidence of thorough routine.

Lussiez, a basso with phenomenal breadth and volume of tone, is another instance of Manager Charley's sagacity in selecting singers with voices of sensational effect.

Montfort, a baritone, whose *Escamillo* in "Carmen" awakened memories of Gassini, Di Anna and other famous by-gone Toreadors, sings with all the polish of the best French school, in a voice thrilling in quality and quantity.

Mme. Packbiers, the coloratura soprano, sings in voice of light, but telling quality, and achieves charming effects on high notes. This lady, however, is afflicted, to an almost painful degree, with the prevailing tendency to sing off pitch.

Mikaelly, the tenor, to whom the lighter roles are entrusted, is in dead earnest about his work, and energetic to a fault, sacrificing tone and key to dramatic effect. Despite these drawbacks, however, he is an eminently satisfactory operatic tenor.

And now to Mme. Bressler-Gianoli, the mezzo soprano who exploited a sensational *Carmen* Monday night. In the horde of interpreters that the cigarette making gypsy has had in recent years one cannot call to mind one more satisfactory, vocally, than this singer. A full, voluptuous voice, suavely produced, and capable of an infinite variety of coloring; equally potent in seductive phrases and the hollow, horrid tones of the card scene. A great *Carmen* and an admirable vocal artist is this Frenchwoman.

Chorus and ballet are up to the French opera standard, Mlle. Porro being an especially agile and graceful *premier danseuse*.

The orchestra under Monsieur Lagye, is capable.



CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

The Choral Symphony gave a programme of popular orchestral compositions last week, and rejoiced in the assistance of Pablo Cassals, violoncellist, a little Spaniard of colossal attainments, and Mrs. Mihir Hardy, a soprano singer of culture.

Gwylm Miles' recital was interesting, as this baritone's work always is. He presented a fine programme, the free delivery of which was somewhat marred by a severe cold.

The Morning Choral Club gave an attractive musical Friday morning. Among the participants was Mme. Diaz Albertini, who contributed a delightful group of songs. Madame Albertini's linguistic, as well as vocal powers, were amply demonstrated by the numbers selected, which consisted of a French song by Clayton Johns, a German song by Joseph Schultz, two Spanish songs and a Scotch song. She is an authoritative interpreter, and sings with a wonderfully dashing style and beautiful enunciation.

Miss Rosalie Wirthlin's singing at this concert was a genuine treat. Her magnificent voice has broadened and mellowed since her last appearance here, and her interpretative powers have developed to admiration during her stay abroad. Miss Wirthlin sang with splendid breadth and nobility of tone two Schumann songs, a Handel aria and songs by Brahms and Richard Strauss. Mr. Abraham Epstein rendered valuable assistance at the piano.

A pianist of no mean ability was revealed in the person of Mrs. E. R. Cramer, who held the close attention of the audience during a performance of Liszt's protracted manipulation of a Bach *motif*.

Mrs. Elmer Frohman contributed a group of songs in a sweet sympathetic soprano. More variety of tone and some animation were needed to sustain interest in her work.

Pierre Marteau.



JAPS AND THE MARCONI SYSTEM.

The wonderful success the Japanese navy has met with since the war with Russia began, according to naval and military experts in all countries, has been due, in part, at least, to their bureau of information staff, aided by the Marconi wireless telegraph system. This system enables them to strike blows at opportune times and especially when the enemy is in a most exposed position. Marconi's system also has its peace triumphs. In fact, it is a great boon to humanity. A recent visitor from Europe tells of the terrific gales into which the vessel he was on plunged in mid-ocean and how the passengers feared the ship would founder. The ticking of the Marconi receiver on board in the midst of the storm and the receipt of a message from a land station quieted the fears of everybody, the tourist declares. The service is constantly being improved and the stock certificates on sale at Ward & Co.'s office in the Century Building are being rapidly disposed of.

Sixth, **Barr's** (St. Louis) Olive, Seventh, Locust.

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SOCIETY

Easter week will bring the first of the smart weddings, for which preparations are now made by happy brides. Miss Caroline Newman, granddaughter of the late Socrates Newman, will lead the procession. She will be married to Rufus Lackland Taylor, grandson of Mr. Rufus J. Lackland, Wednesday, April 6. The ceremony will take place at the home of the bride, to be followed by a small informal reception. Miss Rosemary Sartoris and Miss McDonald, of Philadelphia, will be in Miss Newman's corps of bridesmaids. Mr. Taylor will take his bride on a Mediterranean trip, which will end with a siesta on the Riviera, when the season is at its height there. This wedding is of great social significance, as two of the oldest families in St. Louis will thus be bonded through the marriage ties.

Saturday, April 9, will be the wedding day of Miss Janet Lee and Capt. Edward Carpenter. Numerous small entertainments which do not interfere with Lenten devotions are given in honor of the Misses Lee and their guests, among whom is Miss Nanette Paschall, who is on from her home in the State of Washington, and will remain till after this wedidng.

The wedding of Miss Marie Scanlan and George F. Tiffany, son of Mr. and Mrs. Dexter Tiffany, is to take place about this time, but Miss Scanlan is still undecided, whether she shall chose the first Saturday after Easter or the second. The date will be named in a few days.

Another Easter wedding, the date of which is still in abeyance, is that of Miss Martha Blackwell and Mr. Stuart Morgan Aldrich, son of Senator Aldrich.

Miss Isabel Belcher and Mr. Fred H. Semple will be married within the period of Easter, although it may be toward the end of that time.

Announcements of engagements are languishing somewhat, although speculation is rife regarding a number of pros-

pective happenings in this line. It is safe, however, to predict that Mr. Claude Matthews, son of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Matthews, and brother of the charming Lucy Matthews, will soon make public his engagement to a lovely Cabanne girl.

The smartest entertainment of the week was given by Mrs. John T. Davis, of Westmoreland place, for Mme. Zeggio, the handsome wife of the Italian Commissioner to the World's Fair. Among Mrs. Davis' guests at this charming luncheon were Mmes. D. R. Francis, de Diaz-Albertini, George W. Niedringhaus, Francis D. Hirschberg and W. C. Stribling.

Mr. and Mrs. Tankerville Drew will soon give up their residence in Hortense place and go to the home of Mr. Drew's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Francis A. Drew, in Lindell boulevard.

Capt. John N. Bofinger and his pretty debutante niece, Miss Helen Shewell, left for Palm Beach last week, where they will remain during the Lenten period, returning to St. Louis for Easter.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. McChesney are entertaining a large party of friends on Mr. McChesney's private car, which is now on its way to the Florida resorts. This party will also return to St. Louis in time for the Easter holidays.

Mrs. Eugene Fusz has gone south to recuperate from a severe attack of la grippe. She is accompanied by her brother, Master George Ring.

Mrs. Rudolph Limberg, who is out again after a long siege of illness, will leave in a few days for Hot Springs, Ark., to remain away for three weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark H. Sampson and their daughters, Misses Maybelle and Hazel Sampson, are among the St. Louis coterie at Hot Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Ingram F. Boyd are in the East, passing part of their time in New York and Philadelphia. They will be among the Easter holidays returnees.

Judge and Mrs. Walter B. Douglas have as their guest Miss Mary Kimball, who is a sister of Mrs. Douglas. Miss Kimball will remain with the Douglases during the World's Fair period.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Harding are entertaining Mrs. Albert Wilkinson, of St. Paul, Minn. Mrs. Harding is planning several luncheons and dinner parties in honor of her guest.

Dr. and Mrs. Bransford Lewis, who were in Florida during February, returned home last Saturday.

Mrs. Lucy V. Semple Ames is among the St. Louisans at St. Augustine, Fla. Mrs. Ames will have as her guests during her sojourn in the South Mr. Edgar Ames and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ames. She will return in a month to put Notchcliffe, her beautiful country residence, in order for World's Fair guests. Mrs. Ames will be one of the noted Missouri hostesses, who will keep open house during the Fair.

Sir Adalbert von Stirbal, Commissioner General to the World's Fair from Austria, has taken possession of his official residence at No. 3516 Morgan street. Herr von Stirbal is accompanied by his staff and will keep open house in

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John S. Flaherty, manager of the Majestic Theater, tells that, while traveling through the South, he once saw a negro, hoe in hand, sitting under a tree at the edge of a cornfield that was badly overrun with weeds. The negro, in reply to a question as to what he was doing, said, drawlingly, that he was out there to "hoe dat cohn." "Then what are you doing under the tree—resting?" persisted Mr. Flaherty. "No, sah, I'se not restin'," was the answer; "ah'm not tiahed. Ah'm waitin' faw the sun to go down so ah kin quit wuhk."

DRAMATIC

Shouts of genuine laughter greet many of the witty speeches and innuendos in "Mrs. Deering's Divorce," the new play which Mrs. Langtry is presenting at the Century Theater this week. Mr. Percy Ferndale, author of the play, is unknown as a dramatist, but his first effort entitles him to rank with the best comedy writers of his day. Never was Mrs. Langtry more perfectly suited than with the part of "Jinnie" Deering, and she can play, as well as talk, delightful comedy. Every line is spontaneous. The doings, goings and comings of the characters of a certain set of London smart people are charmingly natural. The author must be a clever observer of human nature to have reproduced it so faithfully in the various personages of the play. Particularly delightful is the Jersey Lily in the disrobing scene of the last act. That little episode was daintily trimmed to the nicest sort of display of her physical charms and her elaborate wardrobe. In Ina Goldsmith as *Susannah Verner*, Katherine Stewart at *Lady Grandpier*, Stephen B. French as *Lord Grandpier*, a capital old sport, and Harold Mead as *Jimmy Foster*, the silly youth. Mrs. Langtry has splendid support. The only weakness to be detected is in Fred-

erick Truesell's *Mr. Deering*; but that part is so hard to balance, that it is unfair to more than hint a criticism.



"A Chinese Honeymoon," which gives its performance in St. Louis at the Century next Sunday evening is one of those clean musical comedies that theater-goers will welcome, as it is entirely different from musical comedies that have been seen here this season. It does not depend wholly on one or two characters for its success, as the company contains about twenty principals and carries a chorus of over eighty voices. The music is the work of Howard Talbot, and the book and lyrics are from the pen of George Dance. Among the many clever numbers are "I Want to be a Lid," "Roly Poly," "The A La Girl," "Twiddledy Bits," "The Official Mother-in-Law," "The Leader of Frocks and Frills," "Bits from the Plays" and "There's a Little Street in Heaven that They Call Broadway." The company includes such notables as John E. Henshaw, Stella Tracey, Toby Claude, the pocket edition comedienne, C. H. Prince, W. H. Clarke, May Ten Broeck, Edward Clark and Frances Knight. There are ninety persons in the chorus.



William H. Sumner, as *David Harum*, is pleasing immense audiences at the Grand Opera House this week. The endearment which William H. Crane has given to this character is as strong in the memory of the public as ever, and Mr. Sumner is reaping the benefit of it. This is no more than he deserves, for he presents a fine old fellow. In some of the comically pathetic scenes he strikes a most happy key, pressing vigorously forward from act to act. No one realizes at the end of the play that a less prominent star than Crane, the creator of *David Harum*, has impersonated him, so thoroughly satisfying is the performance in every detail. Even that pronounced anti-climax in the last act, a bit tedious in the original production, has been wisely curtailed by Mr. Sumner.



Next week will come another good revival of "Bonnie Briar Bush," at the Grand Opera House, with Mr. J. H. Stoddard in the leading part. This play, like "David Harum," will outlive generations.



Maxine Elliott follows her famous husband at the Olympic Theater in Clyde Fitch's "Her Own Way." The beautiful Miss Elliott and Mr. Goodwin have so arranged their bookings this season that the departing husband has a chance to welcome the incoming wife before the cruel fate of "single stars" separate them for another week.



To-night Rudolph Horsky, leading man of the German Stock Company of the Odeon, will celebrate his benefit. He will appear as Hans Rudorff in "Rosenmontag" (Rose Monday), the new Hartleben drama, which stirred up a furore last season when it was produced for the first time in Germany. Berlin and Vienna. To-night's will be the first production of the drama in Ameri-

The Mirror



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ca, and the good workmen of Messrs. Heinemann and Welb will be able to set types of creation for every other German theater on this side of the water. "Rosenmontag" is a military play in the strictest sense of the word. Its action and tragedy are based on the rigid code of honor that prevails in military circles. Only one civilian and one woman appear in the play; the rest is of military cloth. The story is simple, but effective. Hans Rudorff has loved a girl of the people. He has promised to marry her. His aristocratic cousins object to this marriage, and trump up a charge of infidelity against the girl. Rudorff, while away on furlough, engages himself, out of pique, to the daughter of a wealthy man. When he returns to the garrison on the eve of his wedding, the colonel of his regiment exacts from him the promise that he will never seek to renew his relations with his former love. Unexpectedly Rudorff learns that he has been duped by his cousins, and that the girl is innocent. No other way out of the difficulty presents itself than death, and Rudorff and his sweetheart die by their own hands on "Rose Monday," the Monday of Carnival week, after a feast of merry-making. Next Sunday night Leona Bergere will be the leading soubrette in "Das Milchmaedchen von Schoeneberg," a musical farce.

"A Romance of Coon Hollow" is occupying Manager Russell's playhouse, the Imperial. It is a story of the South, of course, and its melodramatics are lightened by much good comedy. From year to year its producers provide some new features, and this season's-addition was made of singing and dancing numbers, which are bright and pleasing. In spite of its age "A Romance of Coon Hollow" is full of absorbing interest to



Trifles tell.

Here's one:—A prominent express company official of St. Louis had a Boston visitor 'tother day. The visitor highly praised the express official's suit. Said it was better than anything Boston produced. Wanted to know the tailor. The express official said he had it made where "the Post Office is opposite."

That's only a trifle—an every-day occurrence. But it ought to count with you in placing your orders for spring and summer duds.

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a certain class of theater-goers, so that there is no room left at any performance at the Imperial.

Next week's attraction is "A Hot Old Time," that dashing melodrama, the title of which survives to doom's day.

The Mosher Trio, bicyclists, are the stars of the Fay Foster Company at the Standard Theater this week. After all is said and done about bicycle wonders, nothing apparently is left till one sees the Moschers. They must have lain awake many nights and practiced many days, before they evolved the new tricks which they are presenting this week. The rest of the Standard show is as good as the star act. Next week the "City Sports Company" will furnish the entertainment at this house. This is an exceedingly clever combination of specialists.

POLITICS

G. C. ORCHARD FOR TREASURER.

Another favorite son has entered the race for State Treasurer. He is a citizen of Poplar Bluff, and a Democrat of the purest strain. His name is George C. Orchard. He was formerly postmaster of Poplar Bluff, is now County Clerk of Butler County, and State Committeeman. He comes from a good Southern family. His father, Captain William Orchard, fought under "Joe" Shelby.

EDITOR JEWETT NOT A CANDIDATE.

W. O. L. Jewett, editor of the Shelbina *Democrat*, is not a candidate for State Auditor, reports to the contrary notwithstanding. There are many enthusiastic friends of the editor who would like to have him enter lists against Mr. Albert O. Allen, who is seeking renomination, but the editor is not inclined to active politics this year.

AUDRAIN'S REPRESENTATIVE RACE.

Audrain County Democrats are beating the timber for a good candidate for the House of Representatives. They generally select the best, too, down in that section. Friends of Judge Joseph Smith of Saling are anxious to have him run for the nomination, but the Judge does not care to wage a hot campaign for the place on the ticket. If the "boys" can unite on him he will run. Captain J. C. Buckner of Farber is also mentioned for the office, and Walter Burch, a young attorney of Mexico, is an avowed candidate.

ORGAN AND FARRIS.

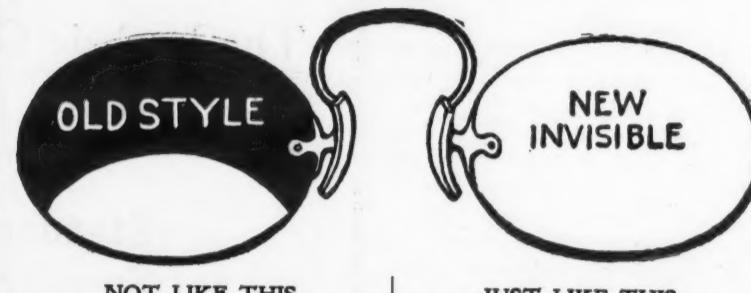
There is likely to be a pretty fight in Dent County. Friends of John E. Organ, who was instrumental in preferring charges against Senator Frank Farris, have about induced him to try to return to the Legislature from the county, and the Farris party has issued an ultimatum that if Organ is nominated they will declare war on him. Despite the scandal heaped up about Farris, he still has quite an influential following, the leaders of which feel confident of being able to defeat the plans of Organ. The latter is very popular in his district, however. He has been in the Legislature before and made a good record. Warfare between him and Farris would be bitter.

The Mirror

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JOHN C. KNAPP.

It may be that Mr. Callahan, who is strong in Dent County, will seek the nomination for which Organ is mentioned.

PITTS AND THE TREASURERSHIP.
Captain Frank L. Pitts of Paris, Mo., whose candidacy for State Treasurer

THE NEWEST BOOKS

Denis Dent, Hornung; Violette, Baroness von Hutton; The Little Chevalier, Davis; Henderson, Young; The Adventurer in Spain, Crockett; Mrs. McLerie, Bell; Her Infinite Variety, Whitlock; Stony Lonesome, Russell; The Issues of Life, Van Vorst; The Forest, White; My Friend Prospero, Harland. Also a complete assortment of paper novels, magazines and periodicals. Subscriptions taken for all publications at JETT'S BOOK STORE, 806 Olive street.

has been held in abeyance, because of his severe illness, is now convalescent and is expected soon to declare himself still in the race. It is believed that Captain Pitts will have little or no opposition for the nomination. Several other men have been mentioned for the office, but politicians are looking to Captain Pitts to carry off the honor.

WELLS BOOM GROWING.

The gubernatorial boom of Campbell Wells, the La Platte banker, seems to be gaining strength among the Democrats in the counties adjacent to St. Joseph. He is regarded as the strongest dark horse in the bunch of aspirants, and his friends think he may be nominated if there is a deadlock on the other candidates. The Wells followers think the convention battle will be between Harry B. Hawes and Circuit Attorney Folk, and are hopeful of picking up strong support in the event that either cannot secure the coveted prize. Mr. Wells has some admirers among the powers that be in Kansas City and is quite well known over the northern part of the State. Thomas R. Morrow, a well-known Kansas City man, is greatly interested in the banker's candidacy.



FIGURING ON THE BIG FOUR.

Local politicians are still figuring on the make-up of the "big four" Democratic delegation. It is now said that Charles M. Knapp of the *Republic* is anxious to be one of the quartet. Major Harvey Salmon of Clinton is also a candidate and Senator Stone is said to be exerting his influence to get Colonel Mose Wetmore on the delegation. President Francis of the World's Fair, it is understood, has withdrawn in favor of Mr. Knapp. Two members of the four are assured: Senator Stone and Governor Dockery.

The race for positions on the Republican big four delegation is on in earnest in the State. One or two counties favor the selection of J. P. Tracy, William Warner, G. B. Roberts and Charles Nagel. Buchanan County Republicans have thrown their support to W. C. Pierce, a stalwart of Maryville, Mo., and Mr. L. F. Parker, who is well known as the attorney of the Frisco Railroad in St. Louis, has the indorsement of Phelps and Osage County Republicans. Dr. Preatorius has strong supporters in the State, as well as in St. Louis. Warren County has decided to vote for him, and it is thought he will receive a goodly share of votes in all uninstructed delegations. Hon. W. D. Lewis of Cedar County may also be a candidate for a position on the big quartet, and Sanford B. Ladd wants to go from Kansas City.



DR. TUBBS' POPULARITY.

Dr. Alonzo Tubbs, a new resident of Gasconade, and formerly the holder of several successive Legislative terms, is a candidate the Republicans are determined to land some place on the State ticket. Personally Dr. Tubbs, who is one of the party's war horses, preferred a return to the State assembly, but since several counties have held their conventions, he has developed unusual strength among the delegates for Lieutenant

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Governor. Several of the counties have indorsed him in the face of the fact that he has not announced for the office. He is also mentioned as a likely candidate for State Auditor or Treasurer. As things look now, Dr. Tubbs can get a good vote for almost any office, and his friends think that even the governorship is not too good for him. As a legislator Dr. Tubbs was one of the aggressive Republicans.



REPUBLICAN AFTER TWO JOBS.

Attorney W. G. Kitchen, of Bloomfield, is a busy man, and a popular Republican in his district. At the recent Stoddard County convention he was indorsed for Congress, and only a few days ago was named by the President as Postmaster of Bloomfield. Whether or no he would accept both offices has not yet been put up to him, but it is more than likely will be before the Congressional race is over. W. T. Tyndall, of Sparta, is also a candidate for the Republican Congressional nomination. Some people seem to think that they smell a "mice" in this district, and think that Mr. Kitchen, who is really anxious to be postmaster, is helping out some one by running for Congress. The district is strongly Democratic, and two sterling candidates in that party, Judge J. J. Russell and W. H. Douglass, have been whooping it up with a vengeance in their campaign and prospects of a heavier vote than usual are more than brilliant. Neither of the Democratic candidates has any advantage thus far.



WALBRIDGE MAY BE CALLED.

State Senator John C. McKinley of Unionville, Mo., after a long period of silence, has emerged as a coming gubernatorial candidate, with whom other Republican seekers of that office will have to reckon. The Senator is moving about the State, especially in Republican strongholds, and has begun to get his boom going with a whoop. Harrison County has indorsed his candidacy and it is said other delegations may be pledged to him. Of the other candidates mentioned, ex-Mayor Cyrus P. Walbridge seems to be gaining most ground. County Committees quite generally favor him. They indorse him perfunctorily for the Vice-presidency as a matter of regularity with the State Committee, but would prefer that he were an announced candidate for Governor. John H. Bothwell, District Attorney Dyer and Assistant United States District Attorney Bert D. Norton are the only other prospective

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candidates receiving indorsements. It is doubtful now that Mr. Nortoni will make the race, and it is known that Mr. Dyer has declined the proffered support of many influential Republicans for the nomination. It looks now that the Republican contest will be narrowed down to Messrs. Bothwell, McKinley and Walbridge. It is probable that a delegation will be sent to Mr. Walbridge to request him to try for the nomination. He is everywhere regarded by Republicans as the strongest man they could nominate.



CONVENTION FOR MOBERLY.
The convention for the Western Judi-

cial District will be set at a meeting of the committee at Kansas City, Saturday, The office to be filled is on the Kansas City Court of Appeals bench. Judge H. L. Timmonds of Lamar and Judge Jackson S. Smith are the only candidates. Both have made dignified yet active campaigns. The district seems to lean towards the former, although Judge Smith also has a good following. Moberly probably will get the convention.

SIXTEENTH MAY HAVE A FIGHT.

The Folk supporters in the Sixteenth Congressional District have decided to take a hand in national politics. Attorney George T. Meador of Houston, Mo., has decided to seek the Democratic nomination, which Congressman Lamar and his friends think he should have. As the Folk men are rather active in the district, it is feared that Mr. Meador's candidacy will cut into Mr. Lamar's strength considerably. The trouble is due, it is said, to Congressman Lamar's failure or refusal to take sides in the gubernatorial fight. Republicans will be more courageous than ever in this section now that Lamar has opposition. Mr. Alonzo Murphy, the Republican's choice, is a popular young man, whose father was also a favorite with the people in that section of the State. Moreover, he has the sinews of war and intends to try hard to go to Washington.

IN THE THIRTEENTH DISTRICT.

The Republicans of St. Francois and Madison Counties have launched two new candidates for Congress into the Thirteenth District race. In the former Mr. Polite Elvins was awarded the united support of his county, while in the latter Mr. A. F. Abbott was chosen as the standard bearer.

OUT FOR THE LOWER HOUSE.

Mr. R. A. Kinney, an old-time Democrat of Stoddard County, has decided to make the race for Representative. Four years ago a false charge against his religious convictions was the cause of his defeat for the nomination. He was accused of being an infidel, but he denies the charge. In the Twenty-ninth District Judge Jeems Calvin Crowley is a candidate for the lower branch of the Assembly. The Judge is famous in the district for his flaming hosiery, as well as for his Democracy. He is also known as "One-Gallus."

DR. HURT IN THE RACE.

Dr. P. L. Hurt of Boonville, Mo., a member of the Cooper County Democratic Committee, has entered the race for Railroad and Warehouse Commissioner. The other Democrats out for this office are Rube Oglesby, N. J. Winters, W. E. McCully and Colonel W. C. Bronaugh of Henry County.

C. B. ROLLINS FOR CHAIRMAN.

Curtis B. Rollins of Columbia, Mo., is now mentioned as a probable candidate for chairman of the Republican State Committee. The chairmen and secretaries of the County Committees who recently assembled at Jefferson City for a conference decided, it is said, to support him.

NEW BOOKS

A batch of new books has recently issued from the press of G. W. Dillingham Company of New York. Foremost among them is a popular scientific work, the latest from Colonel George Woodward Warder of Kansas City, entitled "The Universe a Vast Electric Organism." Colonel Warder's previous works setting forth his thesis of the electric origin of the universe have attracted attention all over the world and won endorsements from a number of men prominent in the scientific world. In this latest volume the author presents a most fascinating and plausible argument in support of his position, and it may be said here that many scientific thinkers agree with him in the main. He has brought to bear on the question in a manner at once almost convincing and thoroughly interesting all the recent scientific facts and discoveries in the electric world and attempts to show that the universe is a vast electric machine or organism, creating its own cosmic force, lighting and heating itself from its own latent fires and bound together by invisible electric bands. He contends that the electric force is the cause of all the phenomena of nature; that it is life and to it we must look for the solution of the riddle of the universe. Other planets, he declares, are, like the earth, big electric generators. The sun, he reasons, is not a molten mass, but more likely a habitable spot like our own planet. The price of the volume is \$1.20 net.

Other volumes in this batch of books are "Eppy Grams," by Dinkelspiel (price 75 cents); "Left in Charge," an interesting story of Illinois farm life before the Civil War, by Clara Morris (price, \$1.50); "A Corner in Coffee," a real good novel by Cyrus Townsend Brady (price, \$1.50), and "The Yellow Holly," a characteristically clever novel by Ferguson Hume (price, \$1.50).



The Woggle Bug is to be one of the star characters in L. Frank Baum's new book for children, "The Further Adventures of the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman." Mr. Baum is at Coronado Beach, California, putting the finishing touch to his story and incidentally playing golf. The *Scarecrow* and the *Tin Woodman* have been permanently fixed in the minds of children by Montgomery and Stone, the comedians of the spectacular stage production of "The Wizard of Oz." The new book will be brought out September 1 by the Reilly & Britton Company, Chicago. Its price will be \$1.25.



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AIDS TO BEAUTY

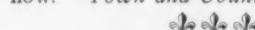
Of course, there is nothing new in the cult of beauty; the only novelty lies in the extravagant fashion in which new inventions are applied to it. Electric baths and vibration treatment may be innovations, but cosmetics and medicated baths date from the earliest ages. Women have always aspired to be beautiful, and have painted their faces and "tired their heads" since time immemorial and in all countries. The geisha of Japan changes the color of her lips three times in one evening, and no little Japanese lady ever misses an opportunity of whipping out the rouge pot and mirror which form an indispensable part of her toilet. Among the recipes which have come down to us from our ancestors are many prescriptions for the complexion composed of marshmallow and wax, honey of roses and olive oil. Mixed bathing in tubs of water thickened with scented bran and salutary herbs was the fashion in mediaeval France and recalled the days of Roman luxury. Vapor baths date from an even earlier period, and one wonders if there is any nostrum to-day for the preservation of beauty which was not known to those professional beauties of France, Diane de Poitiers and Ninon de l'Enclos.

The question is, are women really any more admired to-day for being steamed

and smeared and electrified? Is any attraction worth having which is obtained by the painful and expensive methods we read of? I doubt it. Nobody is really taken in by the artificially manufactured beauty.

It is the duty of every woman to make the best of herself. Certain defects of complexion and figure can be easily remedied. Physical exercises, fresh air and good diet will work wonders with those, and by the addition of a smart dressmaker, milliner and hairdresser many a plain girl has been transformed into a pretty one. If a woman's nose is inclined to absorb too much color and her cheeks too little, no doubt a few judicious dabs of powder and rouge in the right places may be excusable.

She—"Would you be willing to die for me?" *He*—"Why, I'm dying for you now."—*Town and Country*.



Miss Summit—"How that young Monroe girl has improved!" *Miss Palisade*—"Hasn't she? Why, I can remember when she was such a modest little thing."—*Ex.*



Mrs. von Blumer—"I heard the cook cursing and swearing in the kitchen this morning." *Von Blumer*—"Well, I'm glad she's beginning to feel at home."—*Judge*.

The Mirror

MR. FOLK'S PIEDMONT SPEECH

BY R. P. S.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

Mr. Folk has at last made his position clear. Heretofore those opposed to his candidacy have accused him of being vague and indefinite in defining the course he would pursue in ridding the State of bribe-takers and bribe-givers. In his Piedmont speech he was both specific and explicit. If he is elected Governor he will see that bribery in legislative halls is exterminated. That is a frank and fearless declaration. He then proceeds to tell how he will accomplish this. The first time a legislator takes a bribe two proceedings will be instituted by Mr. Folk. He does not make it quite clear how a knowledge of this corrupt transaction is to reach the Governor. We will assume, however, that immediately upon the receipt of a bribe the bribe-taker will notify the Governor that on a certain day he, the corrupt legislator, received of a certain lobbyist a specified sum in consideration of which he, the legislator, had promised that his vote, opinion, judgment or decision should be given for the bribe giver in a certain matter then legally pending before him, the legislator, in his official capacity. We think it quite likely that the corrupt legislator would immediately serve Gov. Folk with such a notice.

Should it transpire that the corrupt senators and representatives did not so notify the Governor as promptly as was expected, then he might employ, at the expense of the State, a force of detectives, good, competent men, such as he has had in his employ for the past three years, to watch the legislators and report to the Governor their habits, their associates, their manner of living and the various influences that might be potent in the formation of an opinion with reference to a matter pending or which might be brought before them in their official capacity, so that the moment it became plain to Mr. Folk's mind that the senator or representative was corrupt, he, Mr. Folk, could institute his double-barreled proceedings to oust that member from his office and place him behind the bars.

Now, some thief, thug, trickster, repeater or boodler, i. e., some one who is opposed to Mr. Folk's candidacy, and his ideas, will be heard to say, that under our system of Government is not one of the primary duties of the chief executive to interfere in this manner with the legislative branch of the government; that in so far as possible the two branches should be independent of each other, and that the Governor of this great state will have enough to do in exercising the supreme executive power of the government and performing the duties heretofore performed by governors; that it would be unbecoming in a governor to assume that the Legislature was composed of corrupt men, and manifestly wrong for him to surround himself with a body of organized detectives whose duty it was to inquire into the motives governing the actions of the legislators. Such ideas are obsolete and could arise in the minds of none but boodlers, and those connected with the machine.

Having come into the possession of the knowledge of the giving and taking of bribes, whether by direct notice or through efforts of his detectives, Mr. Folk would first send a message to this corrupt legislative body asking that the bribe-taker be impeached. So few honest men go to the legislature that it may prove a difficult matter to get so corrupt a body to impeach one of their fellow members. The safest plan would be for Mr. Folk to impeach and remove the officer himself. He would then be taking no risks. Of course, there may be some technicalities that would prevent Mr. Folk, as Governor, from impeaching a member of the general assembly, but the honest farmers of this State are tired of having technicalities stand between the accused and justice, and they propose to retire those judges who, in the trial cases, observe legal technicalities, such as Constitutional provisions and the like, and elect men who will listen to the clamor of the sovereign people and brush aside technicalities and foolish constitutional provisions.

Having sent his message to the General Assembly recommending that the corrupt member be impeached, or, what is much more effective, having impeached and removed from office such member himself, Mr. Folk would then convene the grand-jury of Cole county. Mr. Folk, in his Piedmont speech, with the extreme modesty which characterizes all undesigning great men, satisfies himself with declaring that "The Grand Jury of Cole county would be immediately convened." With all his modesty, he spoke as one having authority. If that expression does not mean that Mr. Folk will convene the Grand Jury, it does not mean anything. Under the law the judge of the Circuit Court of Cole county is the only officer who has the power to order a Grand Jury. Under the constitution the Governor has no such power. But statutory law and constitutional provisions must not be regarded in this wicked day and generation. We must disregard such trifling technicalities and get at results. That old prejudice against vesting the various functions of government in one body or one man was unwarranted, and those constitutional provisions prohibiting such a concentration of power were devised by unwise men. When you get a good man give him all the power.

After Mr. Folk has convened the Grand Jury of Cole county, it is eminently fit and proper that he should leave the Capitol building and go over to the Court House daily and aid that august body in its deliberations. He has no equal in the art of assisting a Grand Jury. Should a bill be pending and Mr. Folk should favor its passage, which is synonymous with its being a wise and beneficent measure, he could bring any recreant member into line by having him subpoenaed before the Grand Jury, questioning about his acts during the whole of his natural life, and giving out his testimony to the morning papers. One example would be sufficient, the remaining boodlers would fall into line and vote for Mr. Folk's law, which means, of course, that he would vote for a wise and just law.

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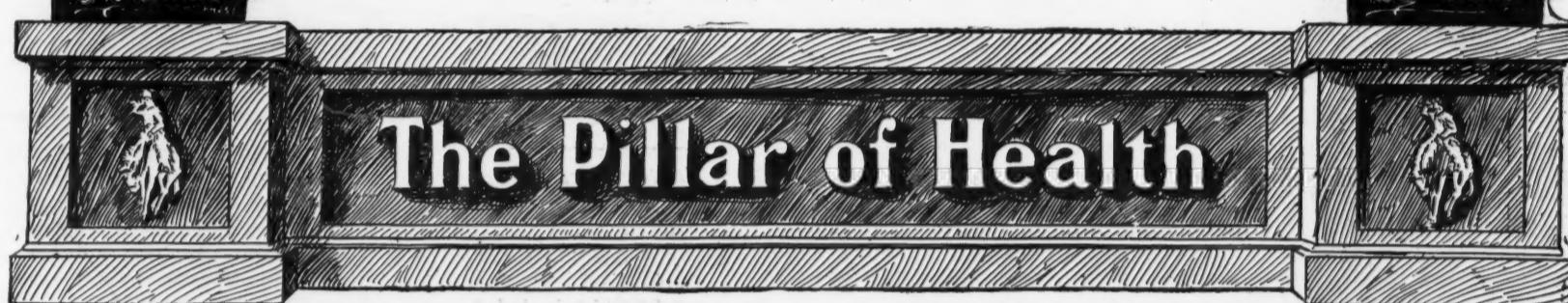
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St. Louis, February 24, 1904.



"CANDIDA"

BY GERALDINE BONNER.

During two weeks recently New York has worked itself up into a state of excitement over George Bernard Shaw's "Candida," played at the Vaudeville Theater. At first nobody paid much attention to it. It was given by a small company of unknown actors in the little theater, about as big as a thimble, that the seductive and *spirituelle* Mlle. Wiche has but recently deserted.

Then the critics, and then intelligent people, began to talk about "Candida," and the world at large began to prick up its ears. New Yorkers—the fashionable ones who want to be *dans le mouvement*—are like the people of Athens described by St. Paul "as spending their time in nothing else but either to tell or hear some new thing." To be up with the latest sensation in books, in music, in gossip, in clothes, is what is expected of all members of the inner circle. To have some one ask you if you know of something, or have seen or heard something, and to have to admit that you know nothing about it, is to be a rank, rejected outsider. Of course, you can always lie—and you always do, if you're

smart enough—but there are people in this world who never learn the art of lying, and go on telling the bare, bleak uncolored truth to the unimaginative end.

The name of "Candida" began to be buzzed about in the half fashionable, half artistic world some two weeks ago. The play rapidly gained a vogue, and people of that particular *genre* began going and sending their friends. One of its especial charms was that it was said to have an inner occult meaning, which only choice spirits could grasp. This stimulated the mind of every woman who saw it, and the most amazing ideas as to its true significance, its "message," have been in circulation. Some said it was esoterically improper; you had to know a thing or two yourself before you understood it. And others contested that the icicle that hangs on Diana's temple was soiled and dingy compared to it. To tell an up-to-date, energetic, ambitious woman that a play contains a deeper than ordinary meaning, which she will not probably see, is to "give her a dare" which she will take or die. So the little play-house on Forty-fourth street has been crowded with an audience of "all Etruria's noblest and all Etruria's best," dressed like the lilies of the field, and deeply and earnestly attentive.

I have never before seen "Candida" played. I have read it with the other Shaw dramas, and thought that it was

a better built play, a more consistent, tightly welded whole, than anything else its author had written. Shaw in his other dramatic pieces—except, perhaps, the needlessly disgusting "Mrs. Warren's Profession"—continually broke away from his original thesis and let his work fall into a welter of trivial circumstance or impish humor. He could not resist the opportunity of "being funny," sometimes of being fresh. Action, character, development, the exploiting of the main idea, were continually being stopped that the hero might have a chance to say shocking, unusual things in a witty, unusual way. This hero of his has been Mr. Shaw's "worse devil." He has several times spoiled his author's most promising plays by suddenly turning his back on the dramatic interest and beginning to lounge around the stage, jeering in an off-hand, detached way at the story, and being smart and pert. I have an idea that these heroes are Mr. Shaw himself, and that this is somewhat the way he stands around among the chaotic happenings of life, drawing a bitter, mocking amusement from what is always an interesting, if also a melancholy spectacle.

But in "Candida" there is no Shaw hero. There are two men who represent two principles. One is a clergyman, a fine physical being in his prime, spoiled, dependent, unconsciously and exceedingly vain, his very philanthropies a form of vanity. He has a great kindness of disposition, a strenuous, almost unctuous



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The Mirror

love of duty, an entire absence of imagination, a serviceable, fairly good mind, with a complete blindness to the claims of the beautiful and Utopian side of life. Work and duty, sweetened by wholesome domestic ties, are his life. He is what is considered an unusually "good man," the kind respectable mothers without high social ambitions are glad to see their daughters marry. The kind that makes a woman happy, albeit, as she sets her face to the gray realities of life, she often turns to look longingly back at the aurora of romance and poetry that seems so far behind.

The other stands for the ideal, the beautiful. He is a poet, eighteen years of age, the sort of being an average, healthy-minded man can make neither head nor tail of, and ends up by calling a d——d fool. Viewed from the standard of the densely practical, *Eugene* is the completest kind of a damned fool. But the divine instinct of truth is his. The crusts of sensitiveness, hypocrisy, fear and pride, in which the human heart has encased itself, fall away under his penetrating eye. The foibles and falsities in which we hide ourselves he recognizes, and he is moved to pity (not to scorn) by the weakness that has so striven to shield itself. He sees that the human creature craves for love, but is "too shy" to ask for it. Only animals—dogs and cats and pets—dare to come to us demanding the love we dare not offer, and our response to their demand shows how ready we are to give.

In my opinion, the character of *Eugene* is a remarkable creation. Its force in the reading does not strike one. It is as played—a figure speaking and moving under one's eye—that its vital meaning grips one. To create this practically impossible and spiritually enlightened being was an achievement. To make him fit into an environment of bare, nineteenth-century realism, losing none of the lustre of his own particular aura, becoming more convincing by contrast with the complacent decency around him, was a triumph. The most remarkable thing about it is that the character, so remotely far beyond the ordinary sympathy, and so completely *naïf* in the expression of its ideas, never once becomes ridiculous. The respect that the genuine is bound to win attends its most extravagant flights. This is partly due, beyond doubt, to the excellent acting of Mr. Arnold Daly, who played the part with extraordinary delicacy and discretion, and really did not look a day over eighteen.

Between these two opposing types stands *Candida*, the woman. She has been the clergyman's wife for many years, being now thirty-two. She has several children, is happy, peacefully engrossed in the claims of her domestic life, and is of essential goodness and purity. The man who drew the character of *Candida* has great insight into the nature of women. She is a remarkable exposition of one of the finest feminine types. She is the woman with a deep intuitive wisdom, not a smart surface cleverness, seemingly simple, unconsciously gifted with the illuminative insight which sees to the roots of impulse and intention. To the life around her she brings the balm of a soft, gracious pres-

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ence; where she moves the wheels of existence, down to the most trivial details, run smoothly. She has the feminine instinct of submerging herself in a center of domestic pre-occupation, that focusing point of a woman's life where the claims of husband, children and home meet and blend. She understands her husband perfectly; in a way sees through him—and loves him. Her feeling is compounded largely of the protective and maternal. She envelops him in a passion of brooding, careful tenderness, much the same as that she gives to her children. She is the care-taker of them all; only in the children's case they know and acknowledge it, but in the husband's she has coaxed and petted him into the belief that he is the one who protects and looks after the nest; that he is the guiding spirit of the household, the dominating figure who, with Olympian judgment, is directing their lives.

When they realize that the poet has conceived an exalted, ecstatic passion for *Candida*, she and her husband take the matter as their natures dictate. The man is astounded, incensed, outraged, the woman touched and thoughtfully disturbed. The one place where the play approaches a point that it is hard for the intelligent spectator to regard with undisturbed appreciation and sympathy, is that scene in which *Candida* and her husband talk of the young man's love.

Candida's proposition is simply this, put to her husband tentatively as a sort of debatable question: *Eugene* is a person of rare gifts, of unusual mind and hyper-sensitive disposition. His soul is untainted, his passion exalted and noble. Suppose, *Candida* rejecting him, he should go his way and some day love again, and this time a "bad woman?"

Whether *Candida* means by this a woman of openly loose morals, or one of the women of mean, ignoble nature and average respectability that decent men marry every day, is a point she does not make clear. The idea is that if *Eugene* became engrossed in such a person the destruction of his life, the withering of his ideals, the blasting of his soul and ruin of his talent would follow. Would it not be better, then, for him to know love through such a woman as *Candida*? The natural amaze that *Candida's* husband shows at this suggestion is felt by most of the audience. She, however, nothing daunted, goes on in words somewhat like this: "I would as soon refuse *Eugene* my love if he needed and asked for it as I would deny a shivering beggar my shawl."

Candida's point of view is similar to that of Monna Vanna, when she went to Priuzivall's tent *nue sous son manteau*. But Monna Vanna's contention, that to set her own honor as of higher value than the lives of a city of people would be petty and base, was different to that of *Candida*, who regarded hers as a sort of offering for the preservation of a soul and the furthering on its road of golden-winged genius. The creators of both women sympathized with them, regarding the objecting husbands as narrow and spiritually dense.

The end of the play, where *Candida* finally chooses between the two men, is on a high plane, at once rational and uplifting. I think it is her beautiful and entirely natural reasons for clinging to her husband because he is "the weaker of the two," which appeal so strongly to women. So many of "the weaker sex" have just this feeling of protectiveness, of sheltering and shielding the beloved

man who would lapse into insignificance and triviality without their fostering care.

The other reason of its attraction for the feminine mind is in its suggestion of the romantic in life, brought in by the poet. *Candida's* feeling for him is one of sisterly affection and concern, save in those moments when he speaks words that belong to the world of romance and poetry. Then she is charmed and thrilled, not by *Eugene*, but by "the vision and the dream" his words conjure up. It is to this thrill of the beautiful, the poetic and unreal, that women respond even as *Candida* did, and flock to the little theater to see the passage of the God of Dreams, rainbow-winged and fugitive, through a life as cheerfully dutiful and colorless as their own. They entirely sympathize with *Candida* in her unswerving devotion to her husband. They understand the type of that devotion, tender, comforting, with a touch of something pensive in it, but they also know that the poet has brought with him some of the glamour of that world where there are no bills and no servants, no onions to peel or lamps to fill, and that that glamour is to women a fearful and wonderful thing.

—From the Argonaut.

◆ ◆ ◆

A small fortune—\$5,000—a fine smoke.
All for ten cents. Ask your dealer.

◆ ◆ ◆

Strong on Etiquette: Bill—"Oh, yes, he's great on etiquette." Jill—"Is that right?" Bill—"Sure! Why, he was telling me only yesterday that if a man is smoking while walking down the street with a lady, the cigar should always be on the side of the mouth furthest removed from the lady!"—Boston Transcript.

A PICTURESQUE PESSIMIST

Mr. B. F. Sanborn's forte is destructive rather than constructive criticism; and the over-statement and very evident personal animus in much of his denunciation of men and measures weaken the force of his chronic pessimism. For the past decade there has been no more unceasing American denouncer of the courses of national history than Mr. Sanborn. No epithets have been too severe to apply to President McKinley or Roosevelt, no language too excoriating with which to indict his fellow-countrymen's course. "A snobbish and wholly un-American pursuit and enjoyment of material wealth has emasculated the republican sentiments of the Republican party." "Our politics are base, and the organs of opinion in press and pulpit are disgracefully servile." The city of Washington, the National Capital, "has sunk into an Oriental submission to fictitious destiny worse than that which pollutes Constantinople." President McKinley was "a Methodist turned brigand," and "his imperial glucosity;" President Roosevelt is a "truth-suppressing, birth-promoting, Jew-renouncing, circuit-preaching President, and a gushing fountain of second-hand ethics and machine-made politics." Secretary Hay has thrown "the stale old Ten Commandments to the winds," and Secretary Root is "the tactless and falsifying Root." Indeed, so few are the men in public life to-day whom Mr. Sanborn can

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR TEN CENTS

A Golden Opportunity—Within the Reach of Every Resident and Visitor of St. Louis.

There has been deposited in the National Bank of Commerce of St. Louis, the sum of Five Thousand Dollars, which amount will be given away next October 12th.

This small fortune will be directly within the grasp of every man in and around St. Louis who smokes, and indirectly every man, woman and child in the city.

It is but natural and fair to assume that this magnificent sum will not be given away simply for philanthropic reasons, but the conditions and requirements governing its disposal are so easy that it practically amounts to a gift.

The World's Fair Management has set aside October 11th next as Missouri Day, upon which date it is expected the people of the grand old State will turn out en masse to do honor to the World's greatest exposition.

To estimate the number of paid admissions to the Exposition on this day will require considerable skill, yet will afford no little interest, inasmuch as the sum of Five Thousand Dollars will be paid to the person making the correct or nearest correct estimate. Should there be more than one correct or nearest correct estimate, this sum will be equally divided between the persons making such estimates.

The conditions governing this contest of skill are essentially as follows:

The Million Cigar Co., of St. Louis, are placing on the market a new brand of 10-cent cigars, known as the "\$5,000-Cigar for Ten Cents," a piece of goods of highest quality, and the equal of any and superior of many cigars now retailing for ten cents.

With each and every purchase of a \$5,000 Cigar for Ten Cents, an official estimate card will be given by your dealer, on which card estimates must be made. Full instructions as to the manner of making estimates will be printed upon these official cards. You have only to buy one of these cigars, make your estimate, and enjoy your smoke. Every time you smoke a \$5,000 Cigar for Ten Cents you tighten your grip on Five Thousand Dollars.

It must be apparent to any intelligent mind that the \$5,000 Cigar for Ten Cents will be of superior quality, guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction to the smoker, or its sale would be limited to the first trial.

The contest is a method of introducing and advertising this brand of cigars, adopted by The Million Cigar Co., and the aim of the Company, as its name implies, is to sell One Million \$5,000 Cigars for Ten Cents between now and October 11th next. Therefore the cigar must be good, else how could we do it?

As above stated the sum of Five Thousand Dollars is now on deposit, with the distinct stipulation that the amount can be drawn only by the person earning it according to the rules of the contest, by order of the Million Cigar Co., of St. Louis.

The next time you buy a cigar ask for the \$5,000 Cigar for Ten Cents, and an estimate card will be given you, free of charge. Anyone wishing to make an estimate without purchasing a \$5,000 Cigar for Ten Cents may do so by paying 15c for an official estimate card.

It may be a few days before your dealer will have these cigars in stock, but an effort will be made to place them as rapidly as possible.

THE MILLION CIGAR COMPANY,
St. Louis, Mo.

speak well of, that Benjamin Swift's words in *The Eternal Conflict*, discussing pessimism, inevitably occur: "Whenever a man's hatred becomes universal we have a right to distrust him." —From "The Old Guard of New England," by George Perry Morris, in the March *Booklover's Magazine*.



Ten cents may get you \$5,000, and that would buy a nice home. Smoke a \$5,000 cigar for ten cents. Ask your dealer.



THE LATEST WAR REPORTS

(Iron-clad syllables are engaged, resulting in terrible loss of breath.)

BERLIN—

'Tis rumored that Count Muscovich Will go to Pumpernikelich To talk with Gen. Rubbernecks, Who will proceed to Tehrankotekski

PORT SAID—

The Russian armored syllable boat, The Blazeawayandbattlekin (The longest naval name afloat), Is soon hostilities to begin. The jaw-destroyer, Kekkoitcha, Is sailing for Manchuria.

TOKIO—

This afternoon Count Oklahoma, While taking notes from Fujiyama, Saw something through the water slip That seemed a Russian battle-ship. He's trying to report the same, But no one can pronounce the name.

PORT ARTHUR—

Admiral Bangoff's battleshipski, The splendid Alexanderipski, This morning met an accident That much expensive damage meant. Her first three syllables exploded—

Bang didn't know the name was loaded VLADEVOSTOCK—

A Russian proper name, they say, Broke from the arsenal to-day, And now is bounding through the snows, Adding syllables as it goes.

If not soon checked it will define The whole Corean boundary line, Till of explosive vowels is made An unassailable barricade.

—Wallace Irwin in *New York Globe*.



It must be good, or we couldn't do it. \$5,000 cigar for ten cents. Ask your dealer.



DOCTORS OF GREAT MEN

It is almost an axiom in Washington that to be called to attend a distinguished patient through a long illness is anything but good luck for a medical man. Dr. Bliss, who was one of Garfield's physicians through the weary summer of 1881, never recovered the practice which he had to abandon at that time in order to devote himself exclusively to the dying President. The fees which he received for that service were insignificant in comparison with the opportunities which he was obliged to abandon. Dr. Douglas was one of the most eminent throat specialists in New York when he was called on to attend General Grant during the trying times of the winter and spring of 1885. His own health broke down under the ordeal; he gave up his practice, and finally came as an invalid to live with his daughter, the wife of a clergyman in Washington.

New York Globe.



World's Fair Bulletin

In district bounded by Chouteau avenue, Easton avenue, the River and World's Fair Grounds, residents desiring GAS are advised to make applications at once, as streets cannot be opened in this district after April 15th.

Laclede Gas Light Company,
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The Sensation in all German Theaters.

For the First Time in America.

"Rosenmontag"

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Hans Rudorff Rudolph Horsky

And an All-Star Cast.

NEXT SUNDAY, MARCH 6,

"The Laugh of the Season,"

"Das Milchmaedchen von Schoeneberg"

With Leona Bergere in the title role.

OLYMPIC

THIS WEEK,

Mr. Nat. G. Goodwin

NEXT MONDAY.

Maxine Elliott

in Clyde Fitch's Play

HER OWN WAY

Reserved Seats Thurs

CENTURY

THIS WEEK,

Mrs. Langtry

Next Sunday Night.

The International Musical Comedy Success

A CHINESE HONEYMOON

Regular Matinee Sat.

GRAND

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25c and 50c

Night Prices, 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00.

DAVID HARUM

Next Sunday Mat.—J. H. Stoddart in "BONNIE BRIER BUSH"

Evenings, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c.
Matines Daily, 25c
Sunday Matinee, March 6, and Week.

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A HOT OLD TIME

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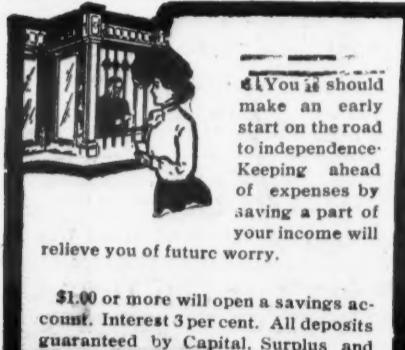
Co.

THE STOCK MARKET

Wall street proceedings have grown tame and tedious. There is not speculative feature of more than merely professional interest. Prices fluctuate in a narrow, lethargic fashion. Room traders do the bulk of trading, commission houses reporting utter and seemingly unconquerable apathy on the part of the public towards the tendency and future of security values. Occasionally some activity may be noted in a few quarters, but it invariably subsides before anybody not connected with manipulating circles has been given a chance to make inquiries as to why and wherefore. Of course, this sort of a market is not relished by the venturesome class of "sports," and they must, therefore, be pardoned for making valiant efforts, every other day, to infuse more life into a situation that is as enervating as it is unprofitable.

The "talent" is waiting, and waiting anxiously, for something or other to happen to set the ball a-rolling again, no matter which way. "If things won't go up, make 'em go down," is the characteristically cynic way in which the average professional is giving expression to his views and desires. In the past week the drift of values was steadily towards a lower level, but bears did not seem to be very sure of their position. They covered hastily whenever there were signs of supporting orders in any prominent section of the market. They know full well that without the intervention of new bearish factors it will not be a facile task to dislodge extensive lines of stocks.

Real liquidation is needed to make bear operations successful. If influential holders refuse to let go, the bear trader simply sells himself into a hole. The action of the market lately was not such as to make for aggressive operations *a la baisse*. On the other hand, there was no evidence of real buying by people who are generally expected to head an upward movement. According to prevailing appearances, the "tall fellows" must have determined to let stocks alone pending additional developments in regard to the war in the Orient, the Panama canal payments and the financial complications in the markets of the Old World.



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The Mirror

Railroad earnings are attracting increasing attention. They become distinctly disappointing in numerous instances. Both gross and net revenues are falling off in almost every section of the country. The trade reaction, rate-cutting and enlargement of expenditures are the chief causes of this anything but reassuring feature. A continued shrinkage would, no doubt, have further depressing effect upon Wall street prices. While much has already been discounted by the fearful "slump" of the past sixteen months, there is, unquestionably, a good margin left for more price-slashing. It would not require very much of a shrinkage in earnings to endanger the stability of dividend payments upon some not necessarily obscure issues.

The filing of a suit in Paris by the Colombian government against the Panama Canal Company has led to a postponement of payments by the United States Treasury for the company's property. Mr. Shaw is, however, authority for the statement that no serious difficulties need be expected as a result of the legal proceedings. At the same time, he gives repeated assurance that settlement will be effected in such a manner as to make any disturbing derangement of the money market well nigh impossible. Owing to the postponement, the banks in New York are in something of a vexatious quandary in connection with government bonds put up as security against treasury deposits. It is a curious situation, no doubt, and one that may yet tax the ingenuity of Mr. Shaw to no inconsiderable extent.

Feeling is decidedly bearish on anthracite shares. The late poor showings of the Reading, Ontario & Western and Erie have given rise to gloomy forebodings among holders of these issues. Erie and Reading common have been dribbling out in a persistent, yet unostentatious mode for some weeks. It is commonly surmised that insiders are lightening their "loads" in anticipation of an inauspicious future for the coal carriers. Talk of dividends on the two common stocks mentioned has entirely subsided.

In London, financiers do their own share of wailing and worrying. The uninterrupted sinking tendency in even the highest category of shares and bonds is regarded with undisguised dismay. The anxiously expected rally in consols has not yet materialized. Leading banking institutions are constantly compelled to "mark down" the value of this "premier security of the World" on their ledgers. It is feared that continued depreciation will bring numerous houses of prominence onto the ragged edge of disaster. Across the channel, in Paris, things bump along in a jerky, nerve-racking fashion. The French government is assiduously endeavoring to restore calm and confidence among the frightened ranks of speculators and investors. Whether it will succeed, is problematical. As a result of the enormous liquidation of the past two weeks, money is growing surprisingly easy in London, where French and German capitalists and banks are now placing large amounts of liberated money.

The shrinkage in the country's bank clearances indicates a corresponding de-

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cline in business activity. Up to the present, however, the falling off in monetary exchanges continues to be confined largely to the Eastern States. In the Middle West and the South and Southwest business is still in a state of prosperous activity. Of course, the business reaction will, in the course of time,

spread over the entire country, although it may not become as marked in the West and South as it now is in the East.

The surplus of the Associated Banks has assumed quite a respectable size. It compares favorably with the record of the past for this time of the year. Con-

servative people feel encouraged at this favorable turn in monetary affairs, especially since it is accompanied by such a decided lull in speculative activity. Sterling exchange continues firm. It is now thought that New York will soon have to ship gold to South America in payment for warships bought from the Argentine government by Japan, the transaction having been financed by London bankers.

The Federal Supreme Court decision in the Northern Securities case is awaited with anxiety. From private sources comes the rumor that the finding of the Circuit Court of Appeals will be upheld. If this should prove true, the market may experience another spasm of liquidation. It may well be, however, that the result of an annulment of the merger in the Northwest will fail to prove commensurate with present pessimistic anticipations.

There is no sign, at this writing, of any nearing improvement in speculative conditions. Prices are low, but so are the trader's spirits. Everybody seems to be wondering what's going to happen next. It's not a cheerful situation. People fear they know not what, and at the same time they are obsessed with the irrepressible thought that in the end everything will come out about right. In times like these we are all prone to take a too dismal and distorted view of our position and surroundings. Things are seldom quite so bad as they seem. All the same, however, let's remain in our "splendid isolation" and "masterly inactivity."

LOCAL SECURITIES.

Transactions in the local market are rapidly falling off. There is little selling and still less buying. Most stocks attract attention by being merely quoted, nominally. Brokers make noble attempts, at times, to liven things up a bit, but they meet with very scant encouragement. The large buyer and the large seller are both absent. They are just "lying low." The dreary dullness in Wall street is undoubtedly responsible for part of the lethal lethargy of the St. Louis market.

Even in street railway issues trading is growing monotonous. Buyers and sellers appear to have locked horns. Transit is hanging fire around 93%. United Railways preferred continues weak; it is selling, in a small way, at 52. The 4 per cent bonds are in light demand at 77 1/8.

Bank and trust company issues are generally lower. About the only exceptions are Lincoln and Commonwealth. Mercantile is offering at 316. It dropped about 8 points in the past week. Bank of Commerce is offering at 292, Third National at 294; Merchants-Laclede at 293. For Commonwealth 252 is asked, for Mississippi 333. The last-named quotation is only nominal.

For St. Louis Brewing 6s 94 1/2 is bid, for Laclede 5s 105, and for Missouri Railway bonds 102 is asked.

National Candy common has dropped to 10 bid. For Granite-Bimetallic 37 1/2 is bid, for Adams Mining 20, for Central Coal & Coke 58 3/4.

Clearances last week were somewhat

smaller on account of the holiday. Call loans are made at 4 1/2 and 5 per cent. Four months' paper is quoted at about 4 1/4 per cent. Sterling exchange is firm and higher, being quoted at \$4.87 1/4.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

L. K. U.—Mechanics pays 12 per cent per annum. Commerce not a tempting purchase at present. A good many weak accounts still to be closed out.

S. R. J.—Hannibal, Mo.—Would sell Wabash preferred on first moderate rally. Absolutely no dividend in sight. Common much too high in comparison.

E. T., Paducah, Ky.—Cotton Belt consolidated 4s good speculation. Not too high. You had better defer buying, however. No use buying just for the doubtful joy of holding.

W. O. L., Ft. Scott, Kan.—State National not too high. Consider it fair investment.

A. H. G.—Sell your Car and Foundry common with alacrity if it comes close to your level, which is very doubtful. Dividend becoming precarious. Rock Island a dubious proposition. Would keep out.



Miss Howjames (at the opera)—"Hasn't she a marvelous technique?" Mr. Cahokia—"Yes, but she doesn't seem to know how to manage it gracefully. She gives it a sort of kick when she turns around."—Chicago Tribune.

YES

There are other railroads between the east and the west.

BUT

it is always well to secure the best you can for the money.

THEREFORE

You should bear in mind this remark of an experienced traveler: "For the excellence of its tracks, the speed of its trains, the safety and comfort of its patrons, the loveliness and variety of its scenery, the number and importance of its cities, and the uniformly correct character of its service, the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad is not surpassed by any similar institution on either side of the Atlantic."

Send to George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York, a 2-cent stamp for a 52-page illustrated Catalogue of the "Four-Track Series."

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Avoid imitations and their annoyances.



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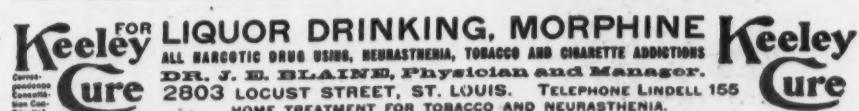
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VESTIBULED TRAINS LEAVE ST. LOUIS DAILY
9.30 A. M. 9.08 P. M. 2.05 A. M.

DINING CARS A LA CARTE

ST. LOUIS, MO. H. C. Stevenson, City Pass. Agent.



The Mirror

THE SOBER MAN'S SECRET

A tall man stood at the bar with a party of friends long after midnight. He was the only sober one in the bunch. His steadiness angered the others. A final round of drinks was ordered. The tall man asked for gin.

"No gin," said the least drunk of the others to the bartender. "Been trying to get him full all night. Maybe gin'll be only water. Last try. Give 'im whisky."

"Make it whisky, then," said the tall man.

The sober man's hand carelessly dropped down to his coat pocket, and as carelessly was raised to his lips. Nobody noticed it but the bartender. After the drinks the tall man put his companions into cabs and then re-entered the cafe.

"What was that you ate just before you took that drink?" asked the bartender.

"Raisins, my boy, raisins," said the customer. "They've been my salvation. I have been a rounder all my life have drank many men under the table, and have never been seen to stagger. The secret of it is that early in the game I learned that raisins taken into the stomach before a drink will absorb the alcohol and prevent it from exciting the brain. In all my drinking bouts I keep a goodly supply of raisins in my pocket, and they have carried me through grandly."—*New York Press*.



BEIN' SICK

Wuz you ever sick—a little,
Just enough to scare you ma,
Lest, perhaps, you might get sicker—
Just enough to make yer pa
Come home early in the evenin'
Bringin' things fer you to eat—
Apples and bananas, maybe,
Or most anything that's sweet?

I have, Gee! when I been skatin'
All day long, an' catch a cold,
An' come home at night a-coughin'
Then they all forget to scold.
Grandma, she runs after blankets,
If she's quicker'n Sister Nell,
An' they say: "Oh, dear! Now Bobby's
Goin' to have another spell."
Ever have a spell? It's jolly;
Just lie still while some one reads
To you about kings an' giants,
Minotaurs an' charin' steeds,
Or, if you get cross an' ugly,
You can yell an' fight an' kick,
An' they don't say nothin' to you—
Gee! it's jolly—bein' sick.

Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.



Easy money. \$5,000 for ten cents.
Smoke up. Ask your cigar dealer.



DECOLLETE

Commenting on the Pope's facetious remarks about decollete gowns, Edith Sessions Tupper agrees that a decently cut low gown certainly enhances a beautiful woman's charms. But a woman who sins against beauty, she declares, should be suppressed. "What do you think of when you are forced to gaze upon an expanse of beef—tough, red, weather-beaten? How do you feel when you have a choice collection of bones and

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pimples and goose-flesh displayed for your benefit? I wish the Pope or the legislature or something," she continues, "would utter a bull or pass an ordinance against the wearing of decollete gowns by very old or very young ladies. Nothing is more ghastly than to see an old lady exhibit her withered skin in an evening gown. And it is equally painful to witness the unveiling of immature charms. I have been so distressed at the play looking at the bony necks of young actress ingenues that it has spoiled the evening for me. And the little slim show girls—picked chickens—who stand in front and bare their poor skinny throats and scraggy shoulders—what an appalling sight they are! If I had my way I would suppress the pompous old frump who exhibits her big red arms and beefy shoulders; the grandmother who should be veiling her sunken chest and withered throat in a delightfully picturesque mull fichu, but who totters to the front of her opera box in the evening like a death's head at the feast; the young girl with bones starting through the scant covering. Yes, I would suppress all three, because they sin against beauty."



Mrs. Buggins—"I don't feel at all comfortable in these new shoes." *Mr. Buggins*—"What's the matter, don't they hurt?"—*Philadelphia Record*.



"What do you think of my death scene?" asked the actor. "Well, it seemed to me that it came a little too late in the piece," was the reply.—*Chicago Evening Post*.

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